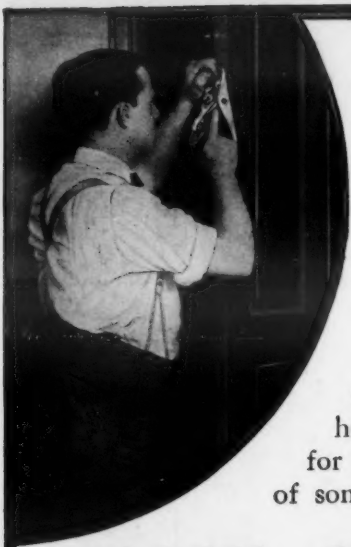


FOURTH COLLIER'S OF JULY THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



COPYRIGHT 1909 BY F. C. COLLIER & SON

“King George III,—Dear Sir: When in the Course of . . .”



Home Repairs

Something needs fixing in a hurry. It is too trivial to send for the carpenter and could be corrected in a minute if you had the proper tools at hand—in fact, the home that has not constant use for a hammer, a saw, or tools of some sort, hardly exists.

KEEN KUTTER

Quality Tools



are the right tools for the home. They are so accurately adjusted a novice can work with them successfully—so perfectly tempered that they hold their keen edges through lots of hard work.

For home, shop, garden and farm, Keen Kutter Tools are the safest to buy because every tool is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money will be refunded.

Look for the name and trademark on every tool.

The name Keen Kutter also includes a full line of Scissors and Shears, Pocket-knives, Razors and Table Cutlery.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.)
St. Louis and New York, U.S.A.



Idle Hour Picture Puzzles

Stand for PERFECTION in PUZZLE-MAKING



The Sleeping Beauty

P. F. Collier & Son announce the publication of a line of Picture Puzzles including such famous pictures as Maxfield Parrish's **Old King Cole** and Arabian Nights series; Frederic Remington's Paintings of the Far West, and Jessie Willcox Smith's Modern Fairy Tales.

All subjects have been selected for their extreme brilliancy of color and their special adaptation to puzzle-making.

Scroll Cut Animal Pieces

Every Collier puzzle will contain pieces cut in the shape of animals and various unique devices which add human interest as well as intricacy to the working of the puzzle. The number of animals and devices will vary according to the size of the puzzle, but every puzzle bearing the Collier imprint will contain not less than four such devices.

Particular attention has been given to the Collier puzzle box and it will be recognized everywhere for its appearance of quality. The box is of a rich blue color, square in shape (no matter what the size) and of a uniform depth. Puzzles may be had from 75 cents to \$12.00.

If your dealer can not supply you with "Idle Hour" Picture Puzzles send direct to us for Catalogue of 60 different subjects, sizes and prices.

PRINT AND CALENDAR DEPT.
P. F. COLLIER & SON, 416 W. 13th Street, NEW YORK

THREE INDIAN RESERVATIONS Open to Settlers

750,000 Acres Homestead Land lying in The Flathead Reservation, Montana—Coeur d'Alene Reservation, Idaho, and Spokane Reservation, Washington, will be opened this summer. Some of the choicest land in the Northwest is contained in these tracts. Some is agricultural land—some grazing land, and there is some very valuable fruit land. Prices will range from \$1.25 to \$7.00 per acre.

Register July 15th to August 5th

at Kalispell, Montana—Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, and Spokane, Wash., all reached by fast trains of the Great Northern Railway. Low round trip fares every day this summer. Stop off and register on your way to Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle.

Send for illustrated book describing the country, and giving details about When, Where and How to register. Enclose four cents for postage. Address

MAX BASS
General Immigration Agent
Department L, 220 South Clark St.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Tacoma too

Not alone does Seattle with the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, or Portland the famous "Rose City," or Spokane the center of the great Inland Empire, or Everett, Bellingham, Victoria or Vancouver, invite you this summer to taste of their charms—but Beautiful Tacoma, another important Pacific Coast terminal of the Scenic Highway through the Land of Fortune:

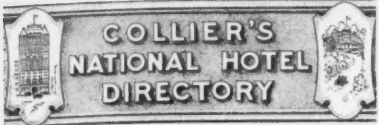
Northern Pacific Railway

on lovely Puget Sound, extends you a royal welcome.

Only a short distance from Seattle, connected by frequent trains, boats and trolley cars, with numerous *excellent* hotels—Tacoma offers great attractions to the summer visitor.

Well paved streets and beautiful homes, a pleasant climate, charming nearby points of interest—chief among them being Rainier Park and Paradise Valley, reached by delightful auto or rail ride—these are some of Tacoma's bids for favor.

Would you know more about the Puget Sound country and these magnificent cities? Then write to A. M. Cleland, Gen. Pass'r Agent, Room 158 Northern Pacific Building, St. Paul, Minn., and just say "Information wanted about the North Pacific Coast." You'll receive it speedily. New "Pacific Coast Hotels" folder just issued.



BALTIMORE, MD.

* **The Rennett** E. \$1.50. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.

CHICAGO, ILL.

* **Chicago Beach Hotel** 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride from the city's theatre and shopping district—close to the famous golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park System; 450 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gaiety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Orchestra concerts add to the delights of promenades on its nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Lake Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

* **Broadway Central** Hotel. Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table the foundation of enormous business. A.P. \$2.50. E.P. \$1.

SUMMER RESORTS

ADIRONDACKS, N. Y.

* **Paul Smith's** St. Regis Lake. Camp, Cottage, Casino, Hotel life. June to October. Through Pullmans from N. Y. via N. Y. Central.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

* **Chalfonte** ATLANTIC CITY. The one suggests the other; one of the world's most famous resorts; one of the world's most attractive resort houses. The best place for rest, recreation, and recuperation. Write for reservations to The Leeds Company. Always Open. On the Beach. Between the Piers.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

* **The Clifton** Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. \$1 to \$6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

POLAND, MAINE

* **Poland Spring House** and Mansion House, America's leading resort. Famous for Poland Water, the purest known. The Sam Oset, Rockland Breakwater—Maine's finest seashore resort.

CAPE COD, MASS.

Spend Your Vacation on Quaint Cape Cod

Ideal for vacations—seashore, woods, country, fishing, boating, bathing

Send for free beautifully illustrated book.

A. B. Smith, G.P.A., Room 183, New Haven, Conn. New York, New Haven & Hartford R.R.

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 426 West Thirtieth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time table of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

Special Information about Summer Resorts

Write us where you want to go and we will advise you the best route and where to stop.



CLARK'S CRUISES AROUND THE WORLD

By S. S. Cleveland, 18,000 tons, brand new, Oct. 16, '09, from N. Y., and Feb. 5, '10, from Trieste, \$650 and up. 12th Annual Orient Cruise, Feb. 5, '10, \$400 up. By L. yd S. S. "Grosser Kurfuerst," 73 days, including 24 days Egypt and Palestine.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York.

WORLD TOUR—Also: Tour to Spain, Sicily, Italy (Christmas in Rome), Riviera, etc. Oriental tour in January. Parties strictly limited. DE POTTER TOURS (30th Year), 32 Broadway, N. Y.

EUROPE Send for booklet. Best Way to See Europe at Moderate Cost. J. F. GRAHAM, IDEAL EUROPEAN TOURS, Box 1055-K, Pittsburg, Pa.

July 3

THE IDEAL WAY

Collier's

Saturday, July 3, 1909



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Volume XLIII Number 15
P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirtieth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$7.50 a year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 10

MEDICAL COPY

IT is quite generally understood that Collier's does not carry medical advertising of any sort. This, of course, excludes patent medicines. We even go farther and exclude the word "cure." Some weeks ago we received an advertisement from a man who claimed to cure by natural means, dyspepsia, heart disease, and so forth. Now, this advertiser is an honorable business man and above the suspicion of quackery, nevertheless we had to tell him that it was against our rules to accept any advertising copy in which the word "cure" was used. He wired back: "Change your rules; it is easier than to change my copy." So it would have been, but he overlooked the important fact that our readers have something to say.

We convinced this advertiser that the ruling was made, not to work a hardship on him or on any

legitimate advertiser, but for the protection of Collier's readers against the hordes of quacks who solemnly promise cures for every known malady. He did not belong in their class and yet by the use of the copy he submitted he would have placed himself in their ranks. Thousands of dollars are paid out every day by innocent readers to the frauds in the patent-medicine business.

Look over our advertising columns and then compare them with the advertising columns of the large majority of other weeklies and monthlies who exercise no censorship. We are not finding fault with those publishers who will allow such advertising to enter their papers—that is their business—but we want you to know where Collier's stands, and why it is always safe to deal with any advertiser who uses Collier's. They will all keep faith with you and with us!

E. L. Patterson
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"School Advertising"

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Try It On

LOBSTER

All varieties of Fish, are deliciously seasoned and made more appetizing with

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Steaks, Roast Meats, Chops, Game, Gravies, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebit and Salad Dressings are greatly improved by its use.

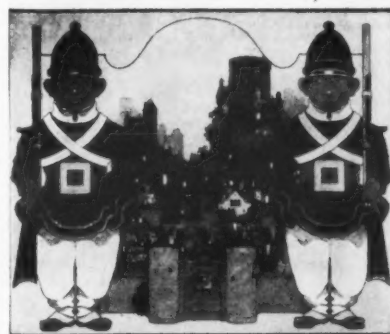


For four generations it has stood unrivaled as a seasoning.

See that Lea & Perrins' signature is on wrapper and label.

Return Substitutes.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, AGTS. New York.



Copyright 1909 by J. F. Collier & Son

TOYLAND

A Poster by Maxfield Parrish

PRICE 75 CENTS

This large poster is done in Mr. Parrish's happiest style and with all his wonderful wealth of color and detail. It is just the picture for nursery decoration—also suitable for the college man's den.

Order from Any Reliable Art Dealer in the U. S. or Canada

It is 28x22 inches in size and reproduced in eight colors. Price 75 cents. Sent to any address on receipt of price.

Address PRINT DEPT.

P. F. Collier & Son, 416 W. 13th St., New York

Married Soon?



Give your Bride a 1000 fine wedding ring made to your order of 24 karat hammered gold bullion, hardened by our own secret process. Modeled after the latest rings as worn by American and European Ladies, and those of the Court of King Edward VII. Guaranteed not to discolor or turn black when heated red-hot like ordinary wedding rings made from 18 karat or 22 karat gold. We are the only firm in the world that manufactures exclusively 1000 fine made to order rings. Write for booklet and measuring card.

THE WESTERN PRECIOUS METAL CO. 307 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

PIANOS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

BEFORE YOU BUY ANY PIANO, IT WILL be to your interest to find out about the piano, the greatest piano success of the age. Frequently people say to us: "How I wish I had known about the Piano sooner." We are taking in exchange hundreds of fine pianos, simply because this modern improvement in pianos gives so much greater musical enjoyment and because it confers upon every member of the family the fascination of personally producing music. Send for Catalog 10. The Aeolian Co., 362 Fifth Ave., New York.

IVERS & POND PIANOS—SMALL GRANDS. The handsomest, daintiest and most charming Baby Grand that money can buy. If no dealer near you sells them, we will send lowest prices and personal letter explaining our unique Easy Payment plans. Send for catalogue and important information today. Ivers & Pond Piano Co., 137 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MANUFACTURING CONCERN DESIRES LOCAL manager for apparatus, selling to farmers chiefly. Must be well acquainted in locality and furnish satisfactory references. Davis Co., 30 Prospect St., Elkhart, Ind.

ESTABLISH A GENERAL AGENCY IN YOUR locality. We have a shoe that sells on sight. Every man and woman a possible customer. Write today. Kushman Komfort Shoe Co., 11 W. South Street, Boston, Mass.

BUILD A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN, AND escape salaried drudgery for life. We teach the Collection Business, a limitless field with little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" today. American Collection Service, 51 State St., Detroit, Mich.

GATHER THE MONEY IS THE PASS WORD for those who own the O. L. C. peanut vending machines. Simplest and most money making machines on the market. Only work necessary is filling the machines and gathering the money. Never out of order, finest workmanship. If you have \$50 to \$500 to invest, let our machines make you independent. Write O. L. C. Co., 1124 Unity Building, Chicago.

EARN BIG MONEY MAKING PHOTO BUT- tons with the "Wonder Cannon." No experience necessary. \$15 starts you in business. Write for particulars. Chicago Ferotype Co., R. 134 Ferotype Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FREE—10 PAGE BOOKLET OF OUR AUTO- matic Card Printing Press sent upon request. One machine earns wonderful profits. Small investment required. Superior Automatic Press Co., 231 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

SALESMEN WANTED. SALESMEN TO SELL large and complete line of Souvenir Post Cards as side line. Good commission and best line in the country. Alfred Holzman Co., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN: BEST ACCIDENT HEALTH policy. Old line. \$1000 death; \$5 weekly; \$100 emergency. Costs \$2.00 yearly. Seal wallet free. Liberal commission. German Registry Co., 265 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.

SALESMEN WITH ESTABLISHED TRADE to sell "Birth" Jacks for autos, wagons, traction engines, etc., to retail hardware, implement and auto supply dealers. Barth Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

LIVE SALESMEN MAKE 20% TO 40% SELL- ing new gold-burder local view post cards. Great side line graft for regular post card salesmen; quick delivery. Pocket samples. Specialty Post Card Co., 25 River St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED: TRAINED BUSINESS MEN, BY every concern in the country, for every line of business—men, executives, office men, correspondents, stenographers—who are efficient, who are producers of results instead of items of expense. Sheldon methods of business and sale have helped 39,000 men to better positions and larger earnings. Method and proof are given in The Sheldon Book, free on request. Sheldon, 1223 Republic Building, Chicago.

SALESMEN: WE HAVE A GOOD PAYING, prompt com., pocket sample Side Line (Consignment goods), for traveling salesman making country towns. For full particulars address Oro Mfg. Co., 79 S. Jefferson St., Chicago.

PATENTS

PATENTS AND TRADE-MARKS PROCURED. Our Hand-Book for Inventors and Manufacturers mailed on request. Patent and Trade-Mark Cases. Beeler & Tobbs, Patent Lawyers, 74-76 McGill Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED. INVENTOR'S POCKET Companion free. Send description for free opinion as to patentability. W. N. Roach, Jr., Metzerott Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS. BOOKS FREE. RATES REASON- able. Highest references. Best services. I procure patents that protect. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 612 F Street, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT. OUR THREE books for Inventors mailed on receipt of 5 cents stamps. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 51, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1899.

PATENTS THAT PAY. PROTECT YOUR Idea! 2 Books free: "Fortunes in Patents—What and How to Invent"; 61-page Guide Book. Free search of the Pat. Off. records. E. E. Vrooman, 1152 F St., Washington, D. C.

DON'T LET YOUR PATENT LIE IDLE—WE'LL make dies and tools and manufacture your article ready for market. Let us show you what we can do for you. Don't delay. So. Stamping & Mfg. Co., R. C. Nashville, Tenn.

COLLECTIONS

"RED STREAKS OF HONESTY EXIST IN everybody," and thereby I collect over \$200,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book. Francis G. Luke, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah. "Some People Don't Like Us."

AVOID BAD DEBTS. COLLECT YOUR OLD accounts yourself. Write for free sample sheets of notices and letters that will collect most any slow account. Sayers Mercantile Agency Co., 404 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

ART OBJECTS

COLLIER ART PRINTS. THE 1909 BOOK contains 175 reproductions of the works of Maxfield Parrish, Howard Pyle, Frederic Remington, Jessie Willcox Smith, and others. A feature of the book this year is a series of full-page pictures and intimate sketches of the artists themselves. For 15 cents we will send you this book and rebate the 15 cents with your first purchase of \$1.00 or more. Mail 15 cents in stamps. Print Dept., P. F. Collier & Son, 415 W. 13th St., New York City.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS CLASSIFIED

Have You Purchased That Piano?

If you are interested in buying a moderate-priced piano or any musical instrument that will please you in every way, write to our advertisers under the heading "PIANOS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS." They will gladly mail to you their beautiful and attractive catalogues, each giving a clear display view of every kind of piano. The usual Collier guarantee as to reliability applies.

AGENTS WANTED

LADIES WANTED TO SELL DRESS GOODS, silk and wainings. No capital required. Large elaborate sample outfit furnished. Ideal Dress Goods Company, Dept. C. W., 338 Broadway, New York.

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN AGENTS IN every town to sell the wonderful Triplex handbag for women; by a mere twist of the wrist it becomes a purse or a music portfolio or a small satchel or a shopping bag; four separate bags for four separate purposes all in one; you enlarge the bag to meet your needs as you go along; large profits. S. A. Diamond & Bro. Co., 35 W. 21st St., N. Y.

MANAGER WANTED IN EVERY CITY AND county to handle best paying business known; legitimate, new, permanent demand; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Phoenix Co., 45 West 34th St., New York.

AGENTS, MEN OR WOMEN, A MANUFACTUR- er and wholesale dealer in household specialties, general merchandise, will start you in profitable bus. in your home. M. C. Farber, Dept. A, 235 Dearborn St., Chicago.

AGENTS: NEW AUTOMATIC CURRYCOMB and other self-sellers. Big demand. First applicants control unlimited sales. Large profits. Write for proof and trial offer. Clean Comb Co., Dept. C, Racine, Wis.

TAILORING SALESMEN WANTED TO TAKE orders for our Guaranteed Made to Order Clothes. Suits—\$10 up. No capital required. Write today for Territory and Complete equipment. Address Varrington W. & W. Mills, 173 Adams St., Department 222, Chicago, Ill.

BIG MONEY CAN BE MADE BY MEN AND women selling our Hold Fast Paper Clips to Offices, Banks, etc. Send \$1.00 for 15 boxes. Retail them for 15 cents per box, a gilt edge profit of \$1.25 on the fifteen boxes, or over 8 1/2 cents per box. Money refunded if you do not make good. These Paper Clips are the best made. Once tried always used. Sell the same customers again and again. Cutter Tower Co., 307 Hathaway Bldg., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY TO sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. Immense profits earned. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Company, No. 40 Bar St., Canton, O.

AGENTS—14 TOOLS IN ONE, MADE OF TEM- pered steel. Most useful tool ever invented. Lightning seller. Big profits. Nothing like it. 1905 profit. Every one has use for it. Write today for terms. Novelty Mfg. Co., 45 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING OUR new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Easily put on. Write for free sample and particulars. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 66 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED TO HANDLE THE MOST satisfactory water filter; modern design; one minute convales; big profits; reserved territory; sample Fibre Disk free. Jones Mfg. Co., 243A6 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

STOP, WOMEN AND MEN. HURRY! SEVEN new useful fast sellers. 30 others to select from. Fair profits. Write for particulars and premium offer. Fair Mfg. Co., Box 197, Racine, Wis.

PATENTED KEROSENE INCANDESCENT burner. Attachable to any lamp. Produces 70 candle-power light, saves 50% kerosene; ready seller everywhere; agents protected. F. W. Gottschalk, 99 Chambers St., N. Y.

SALESMEN TO TAKE ORDERS FOR GUAR- anteed custom tailoring. Popular prices. Sample line and co-operation given right parties. Write for particulars. Majestic Tailors (Fit-U Best), 161 Market St., Chicago.

WONDERFUL INVENTION: AGENTS COIN money selling Canchester Incandescent Kerosene Lamp—burns with or without mantle—10 times brighter than electricity, gas, acetylene, at 1/2 cost. Furner fits all standard lamps—saves 75% oil. No trimming works. Outfit furnished. Canchester Light Co., 28 State, Chicago.

AGENTS—A HIGH GRADE ARTICLE SOLD in every home; big money easily made for good live agents. General Offices 704-5 New Era Building, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS. PORTRAITS 35c. FRAMES 15c. stereoscopes 25c. views 1c, portrait pillow tops 5c, English Art Plates \$1.00. 30 days' credit. Samples and free catalog. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-152 W. Adams St., Chicago.

OF INTEREST TO MEN

MEN—LEARN THE BARBER TRADE. SPEN- did pay after few weeks with us. Tools, demonstrations, examinations, diplomas given. Write. Moler System of Colleges, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Atlanta, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Omaha, Dallas or San Antonio, Texas.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

GET A GOVERNMENT JOB AND GOOD PAY. We prepare you. Full instruction for all examinations. Small cost. Easy terms. Ask for catalog 15. Intercontinental University, Washington, D. C.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS—EXAMINA- tions held soon in every State. Circular 33-40, giving full particulars as to salaries, positions, dates of examinations, sample questions, previously used, etc., sent free by National Correspondence Institute, Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AGENTS TO TAKE ORDERS FOR our men's and women's guaranteed hosiery. Easy seller, big profit. Textile Mfg. Co., 47 Institute Place, Chicago, Ill.

JUST PATENTED. YOUNG'S BUTTONHOLE Gauge Knife. Nothing like it. Every woman wants one. One agent sold 107 in one day. 100% profit. 14 other useful rapid sellers. A. M. Young & Co., 53 Young's Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

HERE IS A BURGLAR ALARM THAT WILL scare off any burglar. Simple, sturdy, durable; allows ventilation. Fits any door or window. Recommended by police chiefs everywhere. Send for particulars and territory. National Burglar Alarm Co., Inc., 402 W. 23rd St., N. Y.

YOU CAN MAKE ENORMOUS PROFITS selling our Automatic Rain Water Cut Off. Keeps cistern water clean and pure. Write for particulars. The Henkel Mfg. Co., Box 6, Canal Dover, Ohio.

THE KEENOH AUTOMATIC RAZOR SHARP- eners. Sharpens any blade. Big advertising starts soon. Opportunity for college men and others. Write for terms. The Keenoh Company, 235 W. Fort St., Detroit, Mich.

SELL LADIES' SUSPENDERBELTS, LATEST up-to-date fad, a catchy novelty sells on sight. Big profits, easy sales. Send 35c in stamps for sample belt and agents offer. Smithmade Susp. Co., Boston, Mass.

THE CORKER AND OTHER WONDERFUL IN- ventions. Opportunity to make money; establish yourself in business with bonafide incorporation. Sell department, cigar, drug stores, physicians, trained nurses, etc. 15c for samples. Progress Rubber Co., 205 E. 30th St., New York.

AGENTS IN EVERY CITY AND TOWN TO sell our newly patented, wonderful Directors, Ladies' folding, shopping hand-bag, three bags in one. Genuine leather. 100% profit. N. E. Sales Co., 85 State St., Boston, Mass.

YOU CAN MAKE \$\$\$\$ AS OUR GENERAL or local agent. Non-alcoholic flavors, perfumes, etc., save consumer 50%. Guaranteed goods. Permanent business. Big profits. Pitkin & Co., 3 Pitkin Block, Newark, N. Y.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT WILL WRITE TEN articles about his African trip for Scribner's Magazine. Great chance for agents—liberal cash commissions and additional prizes. For particulars, write at once. Address Desk 8, Scribner's Magazine, 135 5th Avenue, New York City.

POSITIVELY A FREE SAMPLE OF MIL-waukee fruit jar cover, wrench and holder, to any one answering this ad. Hustlers coinning money. Also ask about our Automatic Potato Peeler. Peels 12 potatoes perfectly in one minute. Edgren Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

MANAGERS MAKE BIG MONEY MONTHLY. We want Managers for each county; must have some money; an opportunity for right person. Downs Mfg. Co., 307 Hyde Bldg., Spokane, Wash.

AGENTS, 65% PROFIT SELLING OUR HANDY Tool, 12 articles in one. Lightning seller. Sample free. Thomas Manufacturing Company, 236 Barney Block, Dayton, Ohio.

500% PROFIT. SOMETIMES MORE. TO Agents and Mail order Dealers selling Mexican Jumping Beans, the world's greatest natural curiosity, and the Sacred Mexican Resurrection Plant. Write today for special import prices. Liberal samples of both for 25c. Francis E. Lester Co., Dept. C7, Mesilla Park, N. Mex.

DON'T FOOL AWAY YOUR TIME ON DEAD ones. Wake up! Davis agents doing better than ever. Our special advertising propositions appeal to the pocket-book. Valuable premiums with each 50c sale. 100% profit. No middleman's profit. Get our illustrated catalog and profit-sharing plan. Davis Soap Co., 22 Union Park Ct., Chicago.

AGENTS—MEN AND WOMEN, WE MANU- facture hosiery—replaced free when hole appears. Easy sales. Large profits. First reply obtains agency your city. Triplewear Mills, Dept. P, 721 Grand Ave., Philadelphia.

ACTIVE AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELL- ing "Aladdin," the newest, most simple, perfect and practical ker-sene Mantle Lamp. American invention. Saves its cost in few months, light excelled only by sunlight. Unlimited Money-Maker. Free particulars. Mantle Lamp Co., Dept. C. C., Chicago; Portland, Ore.; Winnipeg, Can.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

LADIES—BE SELF-SUPPORTING. LEARN hair-dressing, manicuring, facial mas-sage, chiropody or electrolysis. Great demand for graduates. Splendid pay after few weeks with us. Write. Moler System of Colleges, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, New Orleans or Atlanta.

BEST QUILTS FOR YOUR BEDS. BUY AL- lendale Counterpanes, the staple for over 50 years. Fine in quality, beautiful in appearance. Recommended by physicians; sanitary, durable; laundered easily as sheets. Write Dimity Quilt Co., Providence, R. I., for description E.

HOTELS and TRAVEL

ARE YOU COMING TO NEW YORK? DO you wish to know the hotel that will best suit you? Write us the rate you wish to pay—what kind of a room you want and what part of the city you wish to be near—and we will send you a selection that will aid you in locating comfortably. Summer Resort Information—we will also furnish free information about summer resorts, location, rates and best route. See the Summer Resort adv. on Table of Contents page. Collier's Travel Dept., 423 W. 13th Street, New York City.

REAL ESTATE

ARIZONA

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MATERNITY SKIRT
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Something new—only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society. Always drapes evenly in front and back—no bulkiness—no draw-strings—no lacing—no ripping or busting—Can be worn the year round.

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WARNING

To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the Fine-Form Maternity Skirt is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back—all calculations offered will rise in front during development—a fault no regular skirt can ever avoid. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patents.

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LOOKING FOR A SCHOOL OR CAMP? YOU CAN FIND THE SCHOOL WANTED by writing School Agency, 527-41 Park Row, N. Y.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, July 3, 1909



Vacation

Next week's issue will be devoted almost entirely to the spirit of summer-time; vacation experiences and vacation thoughts will pervade its pages. Mr. Maxfield Parrish has drawn a cover for the number which he calls "The Tourist," and Mr. Charles Dana Gibson has made a double-page picture illustrating a timely theme. The characters are papa and some pretty girls. The prize-winning essays in Collier's Vacation Contest of last year will be printed in this number. In addition there will be photographs of beautiful girl graduates and other Commencement pictures. As a sequel to the article contained in the present number on "An Empire in a Fringe," Mr. Palmer will contribute an article showing the Teutonic viewpoint in the same crisis, entitled,

"The March of the Germans"

If seven German babies are born to every four British babies, and if the seven little Germans when they grow up will work ten hours a day to the Britishers' eight, which is going to win, England or Germany?

Something depends on the number who emigrate, on how well they know their A B C's, and on keeping up the supply of jobs for the newcomers. A good deal depends, too, on the continued patriotism of German mothers.

"Where are we going to put all our sons in this crowded country?" they are beginning to ask.

"You leave all such details to me," answers the Kaiser. "Keep on doing your duty to God and the Fatherland and urge your husbands to join the Navy League."

Everybody wants those plus three little Germans if they leave their nationality behind, and nobody wants them if they bring it with them. The Kaiser insists that they shall, at least, have it concealed somewhere about their persons. Otherwise, they can never be allowed to fight and die for him and enter the Brandenburg Walhalla.

Suspicion that he means to find room for the plus three in the British Empire and give them jobs that belong to Englishmen has aroused England to double locks and patent burglar alarms.

What is the nature of the Frankenstein of the British imagination? What is the character of that navy, half its own strength, which the British navy suddenly finds so formidable?

This terrible German smiles over the British scare. He smiles as innocently as if he really held as strong a hand as the British credit him with holding. Who said that he aimed at the Englishman's job? Nobody but the English. Has England a patent on Dreadnoughts? Hasn't Hans a right to some, too?—especially as he pays for them; and he does not like that part any better than any other taxpayer.

We really know less of the real Germany than of any other great country, says Mr. Palmer. The secret of her power is her success in finding work for the 900,000 increase of population every year. How long can this continue? Either the outward pressure of her own numbers will force her to strike for more room or the German mothers will have to take a text from the book of the women of France, where the population is stationary—and that is "lese-majeste."

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor



The Ever-Ready guarantees you the best shave of your life, or your dollar back. Nearly 2,000,000 in use. That's good proof of its merit.

12 BLADES With Every Set



Each Ever-Ready blade is protected against rust-dust dullness and exposure by patented individual package. Count the 12 blades in each \$1. set, and look for trade-mark face.

At all dealers—everywhere
AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO.
320 Broadway, New York

Extra Ever-Ready BLADES 10 for 50c

This \$15 Solid Oak Porch Swing

Direct to You
Why pay more when you can buy GUARANTEED sectional Furniture for HALF the price of the nameless kind?



Over 100 handsome designs. Write today for catalog.

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International Manufacturing Co.
713 Edwin St. Ann Arbor, Mich.

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Refuse Substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, etc., a box of druggists or by mail.

Send 10c for sample.
BEN. LEVY CO.
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Motion Pictures and Talking machines for home amusement. Our Motion Picture Machine is the wonder of the year. Perfect, thrilling moving pictures and all at a price so low anyone can positively afford. We have the only machine for home use. Send today for the illustrated Catalog No. 6, explaining all.

CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., Dept. 88, Chicago, Illinois

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"3-in-One" brightens everything about home or office; injures nothing; not even soiling hands.

"3-in-One" is the only **CLEAN HOUSE OIL** Oils bicycles and sewing machines. Good bottle and book free. Write quick.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.
85 W'way, New York

HOT BATH IN TWO MINUTES FOR TWO CENTS

Moses, by the aid of a rod, struck a rock and got cold water. You, by the aid of a **HUMPHREY HEATER** strike a match and instantly get hot water. Easily connected, simple, durable. Write for Booklet and 30 days' Trial Offer.

HUMPHREY CO., Dept. 457, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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All Standard Machines **SOLD OR RENTED ANYWHERE** at 1/4 to 1/2 Mfrs. Prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for catalog "M." Typewriter Exporters, 95-91 Lake St., Chicago

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

REDUCED RATES on household goods to all Western points. 443 Marquette Building, Chicago; 1501 Wright Building, St. Louis; 718 Old South Building, Boston; 205 Pacific Building, San Francisco; 300 Central Building, Los Angeles.

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First lesson explaining methods for home instruction sent FREE. Gold Medal, World's Fair, St. Louis. GEO. A. LEWIS, 146 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

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He shows the assembled multitude that it is a real medal

The Brothers say "Thank you"



The heralds



One of the floats



"Let us fly—I mean flee," said Wilbur to Orville



A glee club, disguised as troubadours, sang at the Wrights too,—and the whole city was decorated with banners and flags

Dayton Puts the Wright Brothers Through the Third Degree

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE

(See Page 5)

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Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street
NEW YORK

July 3, 1909

Is There Really Hope?

PRESIDENT TAFT'S PROMISES to revise the tariff downward were all made *before* his election. Not at any time since November 3 has he repeated that pledge or referred to it. From this nothing sinister is to be inferred. It would be more in keeping with his poise and solidity to remain silent until the time comes for performance, and then to live up to the last letter of his pledge. But this silence has given courage to Senator ALDRICH, Senator LODGE, Senator HALE, Senator HEYBURN, and the other machine Senators to insist, by word and deed, that Mr. TAFT's promises are not binding on the Republican Party. Finally, during the last two months, to frank repudiation of the promise to revise downward, they have added open sneers for the man to whom the public justly looks for redemption of that promise. Meantime, up to the present writing, from President TAFT has come nothing—unless it be assumed that Secretary MACVEAGH speaks by his authority. Mr. MACVEAGH said:

"This Administration will be conciliatory if you do not ask it to give up a principle or go back on its promises. Neither of these things will it do."

At Milwaukee, September 24, 1908; at Des Moines, September 26; at Cincinnati, September 22, President TAFT *promised revision downward*. Mr. MACVEAGH said further:

"To argue that the revision expected is not a revision down is talking against the wind."

That is exactly what Senators ALDRICH, LODGE, HALE, and HEYBURN have *said*, and exactly what the Republican Senate machine, under the leadership of these men, has *done*.

Again, from Secretary MACVEAGH:

"The main point is to satisfy the people of the Middle West."

It is exactly the people of the Middle West who are not satisfied. From the Middle-Western States come all the Insurgent Senators. Iowa has two Insurgent Senators. Minnesota two, Nebraska two. Kansas has one Insurgent Senator and half a one; South Dakota the same. Wisconsin has one Insurgent and a nonentity. Indiana has one Insurgent and one Democrat.

Finally, this threat:

"And you and I must agree, for we can not escape the conclusion, that it might become at any time the duty of any great party leader to create for his party a new majority and control."

If we could but know that the Secretary of the Treasury spoke on behalf of his chief! When President ROOSEVELT sent Secretary ROOT to Utica to denounce HEARST, the formula used was this: "By the authority and direction of the President, I say to you."

Just a Few Figures

THE RECORD SHOWS that out of seventy-nine cases heard before the Supreme Court of California from 1895 to 1907, in which the Southern Pacific appears as plaintiff or defendant, fifty-seven were decided in favor of that company, almost four to one. Take, now, a different period. Of all the Southern Pacific cases argued and submitted in the same court *prior* to 1895, thirty-four were decided for the company, and twenty-eight against, showing almost an even break.

Who Is This Man?

FROM UNCLE JOE'S APOLOGIA:

"Another publisher, childlike in his frankness, comes direct to the Speaker's room in person with a proposition to throw the whole newspaper press of the country over to support any ambition the Speaker may have if he will secure just one desired piece of legislation, and the threat that he will turn this terrible engine of publicity against the Speaker if he refuses."

This statement involves two propositions:

The first (stated in so many words) that some man made this offer.

The second (by necessary inference) that the man was sane, and that he was in a position to bring "the whole newspaper press" of the United States to the support of Uncle JOE's campaign for the Presidency.

Will Uncle JOE now name for us the man who can deliver "the whole newspaper press" of the United States? A great many people will be keen to know the answer. The general public has the feeling that they are entitled to know who are the men and what the interests that control, in individual cases, the newspapers which they read. If there is any one man able to deliver them all, that will be a revelation,

indeed. Colonel WATTERSON will undoubtedly want to know who it is that can swing the "Courier-Journal." We hope he will second our effort to persuade Uncle JOE to tell. Mr. NELSON will be glad to learn who it is that can deliver the Kansas City "Star." Let everybody join hands to find out who was Speaker CANNON's remarkable visitor.

One Source of Revenue

FOR THE SAKE of the application which comes later, we crave the patience necessary to read two rather formidable legal paragraphs:

Revised Statutes of the United States, Section 3893: "Every obscene, lewd, or lascivious . . . paper . . . print or other publication of an indecent character . . . are hereby declared to be non-mailable . . . and any person who shall knowingly deposit . . . for mailing . . . anything declared by this section to be non-mailable . . . shall for each and every offense be fined not less than \$100 nor more than \$5,000, or imprisoned at hard labor not less than one year nor more than ten years, or both, at the discretion of the court."

That statute is still in force. Under it, on or about October 23, 1906, JAMES GORDON BENNETT, owner of the New York "Herald," was indicted in the following language:

" . . . did knowingly deposit . . . in the mails of the United States . . . a certain paper, print, and publication entitled the New York 'Herald' . . . and the same paper . . . contained (among other things) . . . certain obscene, lewd, lascivious, and indecent matters in print . . . against the peace of the United States and their dignity and contrary to the form of the statutes of the United States in such case made and provided."

In the indictment against Mr. BENNETT, the following advertisements from the "Herald," among others, were set forth:

"A.—A.—Magnetic young masseuse (new assistants) gives magnetic, Swedish, vibratory, general massage, manicuring, baths . . ."
"A.—A.—Magnetic trained masseuse, with assistants, gives Swedish, general, vibratory magnetic massage; baths; Persian, French, and Western operators; select patronage . . ."
"A.—Refined, young masseuse, magnetic, massage, manicuring; Parisian operator; expert assistants . . ."
"A thoroughly competent masseuse: general massage . . . Competent assistants wanted."
"A.—A.—Expert Norwegian masseuse; bath, massage, vibratory treatment . . ."
"EXPERT masseuse gives magnetic oil, alcohol rubs . . ."

For his offenses, Mr. BENNETT was speedily and simply convicted and sentenced, and paid \$25,000 into the Treasury of the United States. For two years the "Herald's" personal columns have contained no advertisement less innocuous than "Anti-Fat."

Read now the following advertisements from the opulent "personal" columns of the San Francisco "Chronicle" for any recent Sunday:

"A.—A.—Miss —, scientific masseuse. Open Sunday . . ."
"A.—Newly opened massage parlors; Eastern assistant . . ."
"A.—A.—Miss —, vibratory massage . . ."
"Miss —, Eastern masseuse . . ."
"A.—Miss —, tub baths, alcohol, magnetic massage . . ."
"A.—A.—Miss —, magnetic treatment . . ."
"—, massage; select patronage . . ."
"Modern Rooms for select parties . . ."

Now substitute in the indictment above, for the New York "Herald," the San Francisco "Chronicle," and for "JAMES GORDON BENNETT," the name MICHEL HARRY DE YOUNG. Then guess the answer. The statutes of the United States are the same in San Francisco as in New York. The Grand Jury that indicted Mr. BENNETT, the Court that tried him, and the jury that convicted him, formally recognized the class of advertisements here set forth—as everybody in the newspaper business has long recognized them—as "obscene, lewd, lascivious, and indecent," and so described them officially. What has been held by the United States courts in New York is binding on the United States courts in California. Any citizen of that State may instigate the prosecution, as WILLIAM R. HEARST did in New York, provided the local United States attorney is not restrained, by fear or favor, from prosecuting so powerful a personage as the owner of the San Francisco "Chronicle." MICHEL H. DE YOUNG is a man of power in the land. The distinctions he enjoys have lately included a publicly announced lunch at the White House. His honors would not be less if he should divest himself of this small part of those ample revenues which make him different from the common run of men.

"And Then What?"

MR. BRYCE, who understands America so much better than many Americans, was reminded during his recent visit to California of the great ALEXANDER. That restless conqueror was describing one day nation after nation which he intended to overrun and subjugate. "And

after that, what?" asked one of his counsellors, and ALEXANDER replied: "Well, I suppose we shall sit down and enjoy ourselves and live happily for the rest of our lives." To which the counsellor answered: "If that is your object, why not begin to be happy now? You already have more than any one ever conquered before; why not take your enjoyment now?" And the British Ambassador then reminded his audience—he was speaking at the Charter Day exercises of the University of California—that even were they not to slacken the pace at which they were pursuing material development, they might well reflect upon what were "the ultimate aims for which they were working." Part of the fascination of pioneer life is that a thing so "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" as an ultimate aim rarely intrudes to break the spell. There is no time for it—or it is easy to think so. Because of its apparent necessity, every commonplace piece of work—clearing land, raising a roof, digging a well—becomes an act of creation. There are no other wells, no other roofs, within hundreds of miles, perhaps. So seldom can this particular emotion be enjoyed in the highly complex and endlessly divided activities of a more settled community, that people have even fallen into the habit of considering as creative work only that done by writers and artists. As if merely because it is set down on paper by one man, unaided, some perfunctory magazine story were any more "created" than the orchard which some skilful and imaginative pioneer makes to grow in a desert.

The Ultimate Aim?

YOUTH and the golden age can not last forever, however. There comes a time when it is no longer necessary to grow food in order to live. The bakeshop and grocery store are just round the corner. The old Middle-Western régime, "to raise more corn to feed more hogs, etc.," can no longer be adapted in terms of irrigation ditches and citrus orchards to California. The Golden West is growing up. The ultimate aim must be considered. Mr. BRYCE makes several suggestions. The Californians, with their marvelous land and climate, should stick to the country and not degenerately flock to the cities. There are cooperative methods among cultivators worth their thought. If they insist on the city, let them make it beautiful and well-governed—certainly there is a field in San Francisco. Let them give a little more thought to things of the mind—why may not a new and distinctive type, perhaps of landscape painting, perhaps of literature, grow up in this extraordinary State, so strikingly an empire in itself? Californians already have an individuality. Their mountains, gigantic trees, and splendid sunshine seem to have produced an exuberance, a light-hearted worship of pagan beauty, quite different from anything found in the East. The Bohemian Club's summer gambol and outdoor play would be impossible in New York or Massachusetts, no less because of differences of temperament than because of the lack of a redwood forest. A surprising number of Californians write stories and help to fill Eastern magazines and newspapers. Whatever development may come with the increase of leisure, it is a fact that in another generation the question, "What next?" will become very pertinent all the way from the Cœur d'Alene country down to Yuma and the Salton Sink.

Wheat

FAR-STRETCHING FIELDS of waving grain will soon cover the infinite prairies. The harvest days will come when, despite the problems of the unemployed, the rancher will call in vain for the hands with which to gather the spoil of the reaper and the winnowed wealth of the thrasher. It is a great industry, this tickling of the vast plain to feed the craving appetite of a nation. More enduring it is than that other great industry of the West which explores the fissures of the earth for treasure. The men who sweat and toil under the hot blasts of the prairie sun earn their wage. The nation whose blood is renewed by the yield of their labor is their debtor.

Are Reveries Obsolete?

REMINDING BY IK MARVEL'S death that our copy of "Reveries of a Bachelor" had gone unread for ten years, we fell upon those mellow paragraphs once again. Time has not chilled them, though it has made them seem quaint. It sets a city man to wondering if bachelors have reveries in these days of severe office work and multitudinous social engagements. Club-life, a winter with five nights in each week devoted to public or semi-public banquets; unmarried women, perfectly understanding that the benedick is not in earnest, willing at all times to eat or drive or see the play in company with his lack of intention—these are the elements of modern city life. What room is there for fire-light moping and the architecture of the fancy, when a telephone will reduce the evening to a definite plan for bridge whist or a Barrie play? Melancholy is gratuitous when the receiver is already off the hook. It was pretty to play with sadness and to let the thoughts flicker around dead or wedded or unattainable beauty—the might-have-beens in the gallery of heart's desire. But the old mood has passed. That gentle sadness does not lend itself to midnight dashes on motor-cars.

The Girl in White

MIDSUMMER nights when shrubs and trees breathe perfume, and when Japanese mats and sofa pillows are brought out on the front steps. Under leafy arcades trolley cars whiz by, leaving an impression of hair ribbons, bare arms, and starched linen. Beau BRUMMELL once said something very complimentary about starched linen, but what he said applied to men. Has any poet yet satisfactorily put on paper the exquisiteness of duck skirts and white shirtwaists? Possibly BEN JONSON had the summer girl in mind when he wrote:

"Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity of grace."

Who can resist the whiteness and freshness of newly laundered linen, piqué, or duck? Angels themselves are not more fair. Hair adorned only by ribbons, and flowing in the breeze; bare arms a little sunburned, and just brown enough to contrast with the snowy white of the shirtwaist; little white shoes side by side, like a pair of doves; like a pair of very small, slim doves. Her destination, if it is not the summer theater, is, like as not, the soda fountain, where the red and green lights of the drug store glow alluringly. Her young face uplifted at the soda fount—it is like a rosebud at dawn. A little laugh as she makes a dab after a recalcitrant berry, a droop of eyelids, and home again—the summer's evening is over.

One Summer Trip

FOR HIM WHO, putting the care and heat of the East aside, turns his face toward Seattle's Alaska Exposition this summer, much is in store. He is going "where rolls the Oregon," and where but a little while ago, in the calendar of the years, that noble river "heard no sound save its own dashings." Now he will find that region quick with the best of American life and industry. Nowhere can he travel in our country with less of summer discomfort. He can select no other outing and see on his way so much that is educational and interesting. He may visit Denver, Colorado's beautiful capital, set in the clear atmosphere, a mile above sea-level; the Garden of the Gods; Pikes Peak, the City of the Mormon Saints, the waters of whose great lake are a pleasure and a tonic. If he wish he may break his journey between Salt Lake and Portland by a stop at Boise, unique among mountain cities; and when he has reached Portland and until, on his return, he sees the mammoth copper mines of Butte, the red fire of whose smelters splotch the sky, he will be in a belt of matchless summer weather. Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, and Spokane will each give him, as an American, a thrill of pride. He will see how our Western spirit builds cities, selecting the best in modern architecture. He will find no extreme poverty and few, if any, slums. And if he has the time he may visit the Yellowstone National Park, for he passes within a few miles of its Golden Gate. For broadening culture and informing sightseeing, here is a trip worth while.

The Goddess of Noise

By WALLACE IRWIN

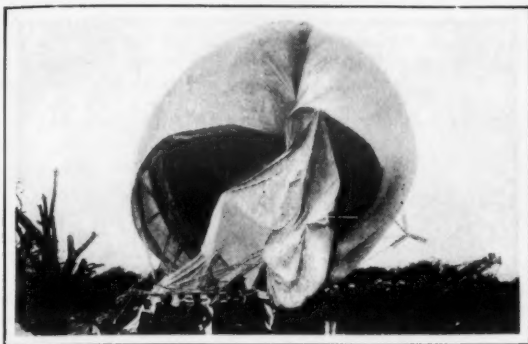
THEY have done her in bronze and in plaster,
Sweet Liberty, saint of our land;
In ponderous bronze have they cast her,
A giantess guarding our strand.
The blood-muddled French call her "Reason"
(Which very near shattered her poise)—
But now in the Firecrack Season
Let's call her the Goddess of Noise.

BEHOLD how she calls to her people!
The little toy cannon's a-load,
Old Glory streams over the steeple
And havoc begins to explode;
Staid nerves may be torn from their sockets,
But the battle's the thing for the boys,
And the midnight is splendid with rockets
High-flown to the Goddess of Noise.

AH, Glorious Fourth! though endurance
Be strained by the things that you do,
Though you baffle the laws of Insurance
And knock all the echoes askew,
Yet we'd burn half the barns in creation
And scorch all our thumbs for the joys
That spring from one mad salutation
To Liberty, Goddess of Noise.

CAN'T you hear the great soul of it calling—
The deep-throated Voice of the Day;
How the blood that is blessed in its falling
May trickle again in our clay?
For back of these loud salutations,
If idle and meaningless toys,
Is your faith and mine and the Nation's
Blazed forth by the Goddess of Noise.

The Nightmare of Great Britain's Press



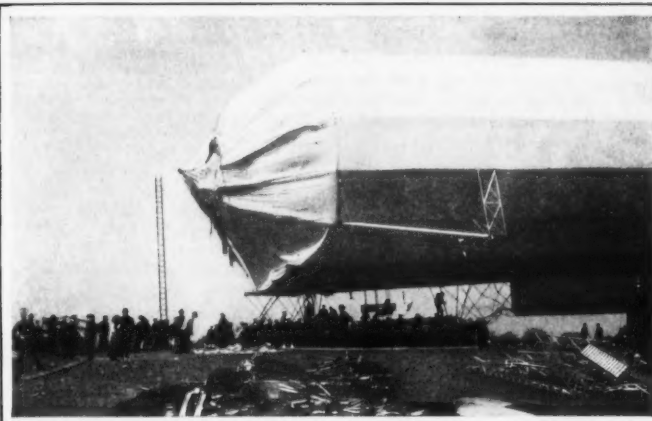
The big Zeppelin dirigible airship collided with a tree;—



it ripped its cover and scattered a certain proportion of its ribs over the surrounding pastures;—



The nearest firemen were called on for aid;—



assisted by soldiers, they proceeded to sew up the balloon's broken nose;—



this operation being successfully completed—

COUNT ZEPPELIN'S dirigible airship *Zeppelin II* started on May 31 from Lake Constance and flew to Nuremberg, where it arrived next morning. Count Zeppelin, accompanied by two engineers and a crew of seven men, then proceeded toward Berlin, where the Emperor was prepared to greet him, but he turned backward and came down when about seventy miles from the city. After repairs, the airship rose once more and returned to its shelter at Friedrichshafen. The average speed maintained during the voyage was 25 miles an hour; while the total distance of 900 miles in 38 hours broke all airship records. This flight demonstrated the fact that Germany's fleet of eight or ten air cruisers could start from Metz and sail over Paris or London without needing to land or replenish fuel. The war panic now sweeping across England has been greatly increased by



the great airship sailed majestically away, and for some time afterward was laid up for repairs

ford are enlisted in the enterprise, and have agreed to act as an advisory committee, in conjunction with the War Office, to determine which is the most practical type of dirigible now in service. The "Post" has donated \$10,000 toward the construction of a dirigible and the "Daily Mail" has offered \$25,000 to build an airship garage

the performances of Count Zeppelin's machine. The most recent development is the subscription campaign undertaken by the "Morning Post," to raise sufficient money for the Government to purchase an airship—one that has been proven navigable, so that there need be no more time lost in frittering experiments. The "Post" declares that British lethargy upon this subject resembled madness; that England has looked inertly on, while other nations have fashioned weapons for her ruin. Earl Roberts, Lord Milner, and Admiral Lord Charles Beres-

An Empire in a Fright

The Phlegmatic Englishman Has Become the Most Excitable Character in Europe

By FREDERICK PALMER

WHIO ever heard of a wiry, excitable Italian having nervous prostration? The worst kind of a case is that of a reserved, calm man. He lacks the safety-valve of gesticulatory expression. He explodes.

For centuries the British have enjoyed a reputation for phlegm. They are supposed never to get excited except in telling other peoples how to keep cool. Even now it does not occur to them that they are hysterical. Haven't they been living in a state of siege and suspense for six months? They think of themselves as exhibiting stony stoicism in the face of conditions which would make the mercurial Frenchman, the vociferous German, and the emotional American collapse.

London Doomed Daily

EVERY foggy morning, with face blanched but sternly set, the commuter starts for London, which he knows may sink before his eyes under a shower of dynamite from an aerial flotilla secretly made in Germany. Every foggy morning, undaunted, the milkmen enter the streets

of Dover expecting to encounter a dozen German army corps landed overnight. When the weather is fair, Englishmen feel reasonably safe. They know that the Germans are too unsportsmanlike to strike on a clear day.

Let no one ask such a foolish question as why include the army corps when the flotilla will do the work so quickly and thoroughly? The more thrills the better. All suggestions for the destruction of the British Empire overnight are welcome. A farmhand who imagines he sees a dirigible is good for columns without any editorial inquiry as to how much bitter ale he consumed the night before.

It is easy for the outsider to take this, the humorous and satirical, view; and it is difficult for him to adapt his imagination to such a staggering possibility as war between these two great nations. The trade relations of all the world would be disrupted. Every stock exchange would know a panic. Millions without end would be given to powers of destruction. The naval struggle on the North Sea would eclipse the battle of the Sea of Japan as Trafalgar eclipsed the duel of two buccaneering frigates.

It is safe to say that every human being on earth would directly feel the result in his daily life. If Germany won, four hundred million people might change their sovereignty.

India and all her other great colonies might be lost to England, which would be plunged in debt and reduced to the rank of Italy among the Powers. If England won, Germany would lose her trade, and her people, so dependent upon exports, would suffer dire poverty.

War Alone Will Answer

SOUNDING opinions as you travel in England and on the Continent, you find few men who do not believe that war is inevitable, sooner or later. No rules except those of force will apply to such mighty disputants, you are told. England stands at the gate of her possessions and Germany advances. The two peoples are being set against each other like terriers for a mill; and it is the responsible statesmen of England who are trumpeting the alarms which the music halls and the newspapers echo.



From "Punch," April 7, 1909
"All's well!" cries watchman Asquith—the British Prime Minister—but Citizen John Bull, with his head at the window, grumbles: "So you say. All the same, I think I shall sit up a bit."

Press Conference. Scarcely a day passes that some "eat-'em-alive" question is not asked in the House of Commons which refers directly to Germany as an adversary. Are the German merchant ships armed for action? Is the Government aware that the German waiters are all spies, with a central bureau in London?

In quarters where education should mean broad-minded philosophy, a word of praise for German civilization, regardless of race, is taken for a word of treason. John Bull, with sleeves rolled up, is shaking his fists and feinting and shouting: "Britons will not be slaves! I dare you! Come on!" From this attitude political opinion on the Continent draws the conclusion that England would welcome any action that would give her an excuse for attacking Germany.

England Now Twice as Strong as Germany

SHE is stronger now, relatively, than she may ever be again. Her navy is at present double the strength of the German. She is free to strike. No political complication can hold her back. Germany arouses the fears of Russia and France, already overweighting her side of the balance of power. Her neighbors favor any obstacles to her aggrandizement. They will not give her a free hand. If there is a conflict in the next few years, England must begin it.

But four years hence only *Dreadnoughts* will count, declare the agitators. This is equivalent to saying that all the battleships which we sent around the world will then be due for the junk-heap. In other words, even the four twelve-inch guns aboard the *Connecticut* are of no service. England originated the *Dreadnought*, all-big-gun type. She built the first one in a hurry to demonstrate her ship-building powers in defiance of Germany. Now, if *Dreadnoughts* be the only standard, both countries are starting afresh on something like equal conditions.



From "Punch," May 26, 1909
The Proverbial Sea Serpent sticking its head up out of the sea finds a newspaper poster of "The Daily Scare," which announces: "Mysterious Airship Seen Everywhere by Night!"—"If this sort of thing keeps on," muses the Sea Serpent, "it'll mean a dull August for me!"

for him. The personnel of the navy, divided into the Fisher and the Beresford factions, is drawn into the game.

By 1913 the Germans may have as many *Dreadnoughts* as the British, says Balfour. He is a wonderful mathematician—any leader is when after votes—for the best that any one else can do is at the ratio of three to five. Premier Asquith holds that four new *Dreadnoughts* are enough for the present. Balfour has made him paint four on his banner, as the Republicans nailed 16 to 1 to Bryan's. But he says that he will lay down four more immediately the need is evident, so that they can be of the latest type.

Speed in building in this age, when improvements are so rapid, may be an asset offsetting numbers. For example, suppose Nation A has twenty *Dreadnoughts* built and lays down five, and Nation B has fifteen *Dreadnoughts* built and lays down ten. If B can build her ten quicker than A her five, B can enter the field suddenly with a numerical advantage. A more theatric and a possible situation would arrive when one country

Armageddon is a good, strong old Biblical word—the name of the plain where the Jews suffered decisive defeats and disasters—but Mr. Arthur Balfour does not hesitate to use it prophetically in a public speech. Lord Rosebery, the only other living ex-Premier, says that Europe is returning to barbarism, and speaks of the forthcoming struggle as unavoidable. Sir Edward Grey, Foreign Minister and head of the diplomatic service, becomes bellicose before the Imperial

with tremendous building facilities at her command literally declared war by an immense program against another country which, whatever her wealth or resources, must take a year longer to build an armada of equal power. If Germany and the United States were to lay down ten *Dreadnoughts* to-day her ten would all be off the ways months before we had one finished.

This winter the Germans decided to accelerate the progress of the ships they had under way. Then came the revelation that they could actually build *Dreadnoughts* faster than the English. This was indeed a blow out of the blue for the calm, phlegmatic man. John Bull thought that he had no master in this line. Here is the real cause of the scare. It is economic, not military.

Evidence which had slowly accumulated came to a head. England has command of the sea, the wealth of the Indies, and the mines of South Africa. Every German ship has to pass through the British Channel on its search for trade. Yet in every corner of the world British trade is suffering from German rivalry. British exports decreased \$69,119,405 in the first five months of 1909. The old champion is angry and resentful. "What business have you with a navy, anyway?" is his cry to Germany. "Don't you know that the seas are mine? You are a parvenu. Stop this! It isn't according to Hoyle!" And the German says: "Gott mit uns!" and plods on. The old champion sees the young champion growing. Germany's population is 62,000,000 and increasing; that of the British Isles is 45,000,000 and almost at a standstill. The old champion trains spasmodically, finds fault with his trainers, and observes that the young, confident of his own new system, waits his time.

The war began long ago, as we shall see in the article on "The March of the Germans." With armies of skilled industrial workers, Germany conducts her offense. The traveler who crosses from Germany to England need not look up statistics. The explanation is visual. He goes from a country of thorough tillage to one of parks and grouse-shooting privileges.

Record percentages in the receipt of poor relief tell another chapter; the records of wills in the London papers complete the story. There is scarcely a daily list without one and frequently two estates whose executors confess to a million. If France is truly the land of wealth and thrift, England is the land of rich men, whose capital investments abroad bring home the interest on which they live. England lives off her fat. The ambition of every Englishman who makes a fortune is to retire to a country estate. He does love a lord. He likes to think that in his old age he may sun himself in noble company.

All England Ready for a Fight

A COUNTRY with a large portion of her population in factories or given over to attendance on wealth can not be hard except in its out-of-door classes. Poor younger sons would rather go into Government service than business; the rich man's sons are for the army and the navy. Let the subject of Imperial administration rise in the Commons, and the men who speak are affectionate masters of their subject. If it is a problem of industrialism, all the honors are with the Reichstag.

The British know that they have a "good thing." They do not intend to lose it. What—what if England should be beaten? If England—England should! It is nightmarish. By fighting they won their inheritance. By fighting they will keep it. Has the time arrived when they must go out and "kill something?" The readiness with which they are roused to a fever of pessimism indicates their alertness as well as their apprehension. They are not effete or effeminate. A German army corps may some day camp in Hyde Park, as they say, but we will not live to see it—and few of them will.

By "they" one means, of course, the British upper classes—"the English gentlemen"—who won Trafalgar and Waterloo, who manage India, and who rule England always in the end. They see the need of technical education and industrial

organization; of conscription for other than purposes of military defense. But they begin late. Germany has a long start. The British masses are as yet little moved.

Take the play "An Englishman's Home," for example. In this, as you know, Prince Yoland, commander of the foreign forces which land on a foggy morning, is the type of the unsentimental, cold, remorseless German officer who makes of war a game of chess with unerring, resistless moves against blundering, undrilled troops.

The play ends with Mr. Brown, whose house is invaded, passing out between a file of soldiers to be shot, according to the rules of war, because, as a civilian not in uniform, he had fired on a uniformed enemy.

Such was the version which people of intellectual and social standing saw. They understood its deadly significance. But that type of patronage is limited. The management wished to keep the play running. With the gallery in mind they made a new version, in which Major du Maurier's point is wholly lost. Now, Prince Yoland speaks with the accent of a German farce comedian and indulges in horse-play; and the curtain goes down with the British volunteers and the British bluejackets victorious. 'Arry likes the shocks in the newspapers; he is learning to hate the Germans as mortal enemies, and he is still confident that one

Englishman can whip any three foreigners—with his fists anyhow.

"I 'ope this 'ere invadin' will stop pretty soon," said a London 'bus driver in dry sarcasm. "Hit's too 'orribly 'arrowin' to the feelin's."

Discounting political objects and reduced to the logic of modern warfare, German battalions in Hyde Park are out of the question, for the simple reason that the Germans would not go to the bother and expense. They need not take London as they took Paris to force peace. Once they command the sea, they have only to occupy the ports and establish a blockade, and England must pay or starve to death.

But the shoutings of the Roseberys and the Balfours—great, astute, imperialistic politicians, willing always to be blood-thirsty and sensational to gain an end—are aimed not alone at home indifference. They would arouse the colonies, using the "scare" to cement Anglo-Saxon ties. Newspaper men from all over the Empire met in conference recently in London, and after frightening them with alarmist speeches and gorging them with great banquets and flattering them with social attentions, the peers and statesmen showed them the united armada at Portsmouth to prove that there was no danger after all.

New Zealand and Australia have already offered presents of *Dreadnoughts*. That is, at least \$15,000,000 worth of work for British shipbuilding yards, not to mention that the German has been shown up as a wicked, designing brute who will drop dynamite on defenseless people on foggy mornings. The United States is also expected to come to British aid.

"How would you like to see Germany mistress of all the seas and of the Continent of Europe?" the American is asked. "We are your first line of defense. A victorious Germany means a war for you."

Let England Put Her House in Order

THE most sensible thing I have read on the whole subject is an editorial in the loyal Toronto "Globe." It said, in effect, that England was in no imminent danger of invasion, but she would do well to put her industrial house in order; and one might add that the mother country may have something to learn from the hated Germans and also from Canada.

In twenty-five years Canada will be as powerful as England herself. With her, in the end, rests the fate of the British Empire. Meanwhile she will win all the trade she can from the United States, from Germany, and even from the British Isles. That is the real modern war, in which victory is to technical education and intelligent application. Beat Germany industrially and she is beaten in *Dreadnoughts*.



From the London "Daily Chronicle"
The Government organ pictures a serene John Bull, content with the Government's policy, in face of the panicky outcries of Ex-Premier Balfour, who demands eight *Dreadnoughts* in place of the four which Premier Asquith is laying down this year. The leader of the Opposition is accused of inciting the "scare" for party purposes. Lord Rosebery, Liberal Ex-Premier, however, is also a pessimist



From "Punch"
Under the title of "The Call of the Blood," Bernard Partridge pictures envious Germania gazing out over the North Sea at Britannia's latest warship—a promise from one of her colonies. Germania exclaims: "A 'Dreadnought' for Britain from New Zealand! These lion cubs are splendid! I wish I had an eagle or two like that!" By "eagle" Germania means "colony." It pleases the British cartoonist just at the present juncture to emphasize Germany's lack of extensive colonial possessions



From "Punch," March 24, 1909
John Bull, as an English sailorman, is extremely disgruntled over the antics of the German Jack-tar who sings the song on which the "copyright" seems to have "expired": "We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do, we've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too!" "I say, that's my old song," growls the Britisher. "Well, it's mine now," replies the German

Punk and Firecrackers

A Real Boy's Fourth of July From Sunrise to Rockets

By LEONARD HATCH

TUG! But you sleep soundly on. The cord tied to your wrist no longer trails upon the floor, but grows taut, from your bed across the room and out of the window. A steady pull gradually drags your arm from under the bedclothes, and holds it far out into mid-air, pointing in a lean and spectral way at the open window.

Still you sleep, but, under this stress, you begin to dream—a vision quite in tone with the Fourth of July. You are sitting in the family pew at church, and beside the pulpit stands a massy Chinaman. He holds a lighted firecracker as long as your forearm. You try to run, but discover that you are tied into the pew. He flings the scarlet cylinder at your feet. The sputtering spark has but a quarter inch more to crawl. Now it disappears into the mouth of the cracker, and there comes—

Tug!

You sit up in bed, wide-eyed and trembling. What ails your arm?—why does it stick out like that? Then suddenly your mind straightens out. You spring from the bed to the open window and peer down into the gray darkness.

"Is that you, Splint?"

"E-ah," comes back a giggling whisper. "It's us."

"Well, just wait half a second," you answer, "till I get m' clothes on."

To-day your toilet is not complex. It consists in exchanging your night garb for a cotton blouse and knee pants, the two being held together by "galluses" over one shoulder. You eschew such banalities as shoes and stockings and face-washing.

You might, if you chose, walk softly down the stairs and out the front door without waking either father or mother. But stealth and bravado are the keynotes of this morning, and on July 4 the patriot's path lies over the shed roof and down the grape trellis. Though, first of all, you balance a chair against your bedroom door, so that when Aunt Martha comes to call you she may receive a clattering greeting from the absent.

They welcome you with open arms—"Rev" Henderson and "Splint" Rogers. "Rev" is only thirteen, the son of one of the village ministers, and dubbed a "holy terror." "Splint" Rogers is a lean lad, which has earned him the nickname of "Splinter," commonly "Splint"—a two-edged abbreviation, since the boy's father is the village doctor.

"I was havin' an awful funny dream when you pulled the string," you volunteer. "I forget just what, but somethin' about a Chinaman."

"Huh! That ain't nothin'," returns Splint. "I dreamt 'las' night I made two home runs off'n Cy Perkins."

Worsted, you turn to Rev, who, by weeding the ministerial vegetable patch, has "earned" his money for the day.

"Say, Rev, what yer got?"

"Now I ain't a-goin' to get 'em all out," returns Rev bluntly. "You can feel 'em through my blouse if yer want, only don't go an' break the punk."

So, with your fingers, you explore the distended girdle round Rev, and discover lumpy packages and little cylinders crammed full of silent noise. "Gee!" you exclaim.

The air is cool and mellow. In the east the stars have been gradually extinguished by the faint lemon hue which is creeping up the sky. A waking bird pipes out his morning notes. But you have ears only for the deep intermittent "thoom" from the other end of the village, where Len Hitchcock and his gang are dragging the old cannon from house to house.

The important question is—where to go this morning? Rev is for Simon Randall's, the crustiest old curmudgeon in town; Splint advocates the "Widow" Jones's. The "Widow"—a sarcastic title—is one of the ideal, vinegary old maids who lives in a square white house with a family of cats. It was she who made the remark that "if she were the only woman in the world she wouldn't get married," upon which Sam Small, the soul of the barber-shop, "cal'ated she was just about right."

You listen to the arguments as to the respective eligibility of Simon Randall and the "Widow" Jones for the privilege of being tortured, and at last you settle the matter with the observation that Simon has a mastiff, while the "Widow" Jones has a cherry tree.

Splint begins a little rehearsal on his Devil's Fiddle. Now a Devil's Fiddle consists of a baking-powder can in the bottom of which a hole has been punched, and through this hole a string is run, with a knot to hold it from slipping. If one grasps the can tightly and draws the string slowly between the thumb and a lump of resin, there issues from that can the most raucous, nerve-shredding howl that ever outdid a cat.

Your trio reaches the home of the hapless spinster. First of all, with Splint at the helm, the cherry tree is

compelled to fling down its crimson riches. Then you creep softly up to the house. Splint makes ready his Devil's Fiddle; you light a stick of punk; and Rev gets out a four-inch cannon cracker. You touch off the fuse, and Rev flings the sputterer high into the air. "Bang!" Then, from the Devil's Fiddle—"Wrooooo! Wrooooo!"—right against the window-pane. Silence. After a pause the patriotic serenade is repeated. From an open window flies a voice, a deliciously irritated voice: "Little boy! Little boy! You stop that! Stop it this minute! Do you hear me?" The only answer is another wail from the Fiddle. Again the voice: "Little boy, I know who you are, and I shall tell of this to Mr. Simpson. (Mr. Simpson is the town constable.) 'I can see who you are.' (A palpable falsehood.)"

The program goes on, sometimes cracker by cracker, sometimes a whole bunch at a time. You take your turn at the Devil's Fiddle, vying with the others as a virtuoso. You are not far from right when you imagine the poor "Widow" Jones writhing in impotent wakefulness. Poor old maid! And yet there is a sort of poetic justice in the fact that she, who has always mocked at marriage and its consequences, should have three of these little Consequences capering beneath her window, making the dawn hideous.

But the light is growing fast. The spruces upon an eastern hill are picked out against the sky, and over their tops the golden sun at last helps to make a Glorious Fourth.

So you wander aimlessly down the main street, picking up bands of stragglers like yourselves, just back from the front. A score of you gather at the village green to make plans for the day and compare notes on the morning's adventures. With pride you display a patch of dried blood on your shin and explain at least eight times how you got it. The chimneys up and down the street begin to smoke, and you suddenly realize that you are very empty. After making an appointment with Splint and Rev for the forenoon, you scuff toward home, with your bare toes in the dust.

At table you take your seat with some trepidation. In your family there is evidently a variance of emotions. Sally, your "kid" sister of ten, is bubbling over with curiosity to hear what you have been up to. Your Aunt Martha is disapprovingly militant. She explains how her "poor nerves" were set all of a twitter by the upsetting of the chair against your bedroom door. She also intimates what she would do "if she had the bringing up of that boy." Your mother is just the same as usual, and your father, when his sister Martha tells of finding the string stretched through the window and across the shed roof, takes a sudden and very long drink of coffee.

But after breakfast he calls you into the next room and cross-questions you sharply upon your doings. You tell him, tactfully forgetting the rape of the cherries. With mild severity he censures your cruelty to the "Widow" Jones, but when you mimic the way she said, "Little boy, I see who you are," he remembers that he has forgotten to shave, and hurries away, clutching at his lips.

So the morning is yours. First of all, you corner Sally, who has offered you her savings for the purchase of a cap-pistol, and, with brotherly affection, assist in the process of disemboweling her china cow of its coppery "innerds." Next you craftily persuade Sally—by telling her she may hold the punk stick part of the time—that several bunches of lovely red Chinese firecrackers are far preferable to a pistol and caps. Then you hunt up Aunt Martha and murmur that you had no idea the falling chair would set her "all of a twitter," and that you are very sorry, and that you have used up all your firecrackers—and that—At this point Aunt Martha relents and gives you two dimes.

You hurry away to the store whose sign says "Stationery, Millinery, and General Notions," and purchase six flaming packages of General Notions, with some punk.

At home you find Rev and Splint eager to demonstrate a few tricks in the firing off of crackers, of which they alone are masters. You give Sally the punk to hold, unlighted, for, as you explain to her, it is too valuable to be wasted. (Burning the superfluous punk is the inevitable cold comfort of July 5.) So, to save it, you use instead a "punk pile" of smoldering, exploded crackers.

Splint and Rev and you have contests of throwing the crackers into the air. You bury them in dirt; you explode them in water; you make a "sizz" by breaking one open and setting it off between your thumb and finger; you prove who dare to hold a lighted cracker the longest. Your father comes out to watch, and at last takes a hand. But he demands that a whole bunch shall be set

off under a tin pan—a proposition you accept only on condition that he provide its substitute. You levy on him for the nickel, and "the kid" is sent scampering off to buy another bunch.

At last into the yard comes sauntering Arthur Whitredge, the prize sissy-boy of the town, with shoes and stockings on, and carrying—a box of torpedoes. Torpedoes! They are almost as puerile as those canes you slip a cap into and hammer on the ground.

Arthur Whitredge volunteers the information that he is going to a lemonade party that afternoon with all the girls, and your scorn is rampant.

"Girls! Pfa!" says Rev.

"Girls!" echoes Splint. "Fourth July ain't no time to bother with girls."

Nevertheless, Arthur talks on about the lemonade party. This interests you not a whit. But at length he mentions the fact that Minnie Winter told him there was to be a cake with pink frosting. So Minnie told him, did she? Told him—that little chinless, white-eyed Arthur Whitredge. You glare at the unconscious Arthur; you feel a queer stiffening in the muscles of your throat, and you have a wild longing to jam his face down into the grass and sit on his neck. But if you did, Splint and Rev would ask you why you did it. And that would be embarrassing—very. So instead of assaulting Arthur, you say clearly, though that topic has long since passed: "E-ah; girls ain't good for nothin'."

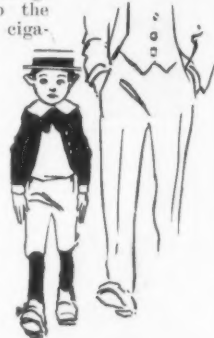
So the morning wears by, and the crackers dwindle, until the last one has uttered its little volcanic note. And by that time dinner is ready. This is a pleasanter meal than breakfast, and you gorge yourself with salmon and new green peas; but your father is palpably nervous. In the afternoon there is to be a ball game between the married men and the unmarried men of the town, and your father is to play right field for the married men, though he has not known the feel of a baseball for ten years. You offer him your mitt, and explain to him that in right field he will get the sun full in his eyes. But this doesn't seem to make him any less nervous.

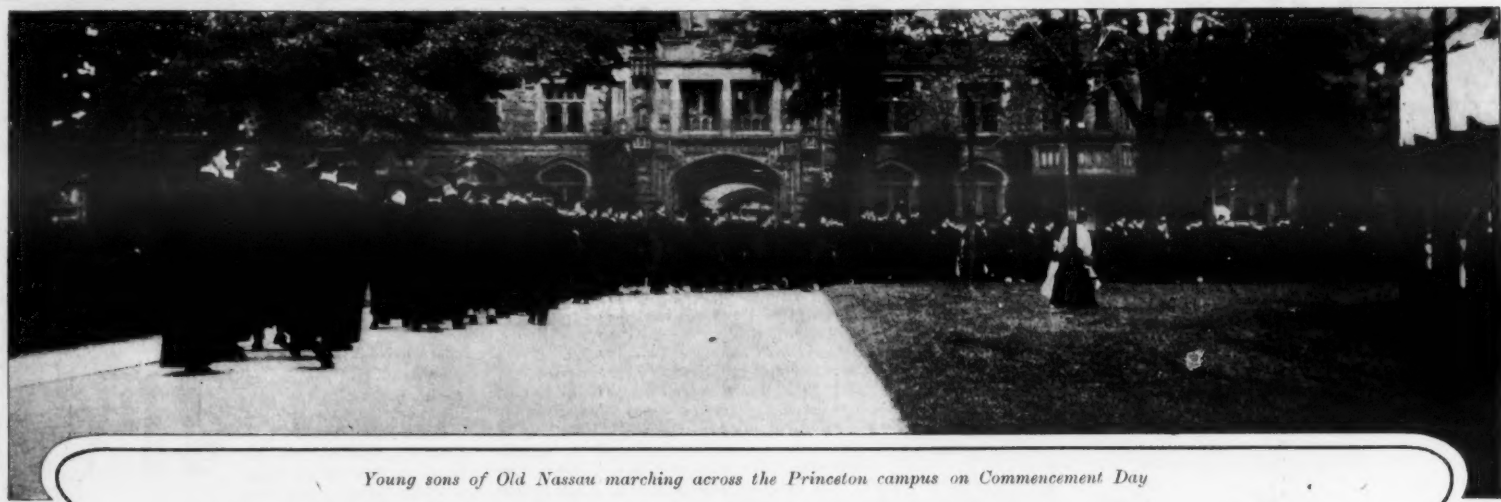
After dinner you are forced into shoes and stockings. You make straight for the ball-field. When the town has gradually assembled the men and boys cluster about the home plate, while the women with their parasols and light dresses fill the little knoll back of third base.

One by one the players appear—the unmarried men trimly and fittingly clad, while the married men swelter in all sorts of motley rigs. Your father looks uncommonly droll in an old flannel shirt and crash trousers which were built for his waist of five years ago. The town's best baseball talent finds a place among the unmarried men. Will Langdon, who is just home from his first year at Princeton, is among them. Now he played on his Freshman class team at college, and this so alarms the married men that they insist on having him ruled out as a non-resident. Young Langdon, therefore, is relegated to the position of umpire. Smoking a cigarette in a holder, he swaggers about in light flannel trousers and a Norfolk jacket.

The game is on. Of course, you are with Splint and Rev. Splint is wildly excited, for his brother is pitching for the unmarried men. The first inning is uneventful, except that the unmarrieds make three runs by banging the ball all over the field. In the second, your father steps to the plate. Now—But no—he strikes out ignominiously without even making a foul. The last ball at which he swipes is at least six inches above his head. The crowd howls, and Splint knocks you over backward on the grass. In the next inning Splint's brother knocks a high fly which soars in a lofty parabola toward right field. The ball hangs in the air for an instant, then descends toward your hapless sire, who stands beneath it with wrists together and fingers spread like the sticks of a fan. The ball strikes one hand and—sticks there. Now Splint!

But more distinction it awaiting your family. In the fifth inning your father is again at bat. He makes a terrific swing at the first ball, and the leathery sphere bounds slowly between short and third, while your father lumbers down to first. You race round to him, and in a hoarse whisper adjure him to "Steal! Steal!" And he hears you. A second later he is off, running like the old Concord coach. You yell: "Go it, Pa!" and he goes it. But the catcher has the ball and slams it down toward





Young sons of Old Nassau marching across the Princeton campus on Commencement Day

Our Young Barbarians About to Leave Their Play

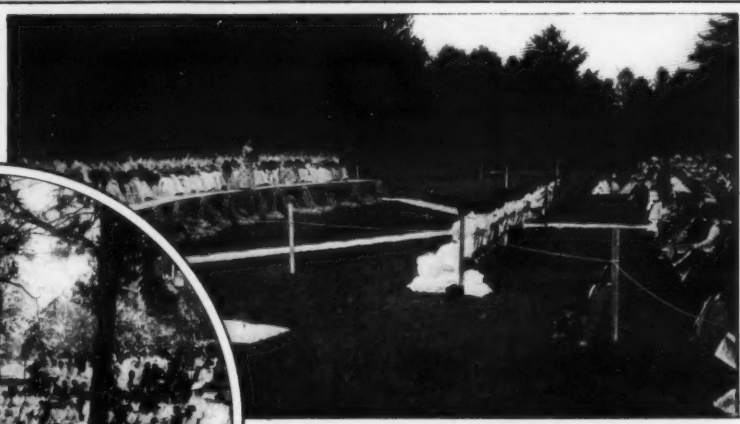
THIS year's college commencements brought out an unusual amount of frank criticism of academic methods and undergraduate life. Said President Wilson of Princeton: "Universities like Princeton must pass out of existence unless they adapt themselves to modern life. So far as the colleges go, the side-shows have swallowed up the circus and we in the main tent do not know what is going on." President Schurman

of Cornell replied that such a description might apply to the older universities where the accent fell on literary courses and the ancient discipline, and whose social prestige was such that they attracted young men less interested in intellectual training than adventitious social advantage. It did not apply to the newer State universities, which were created to minister to the needs of all classes—farmers, mechanics,

manufacturers, builders, etc., as well as lawyers, doctors, and clergymen. At the same time President Lowell of Harvard contrasted the low esteem in which scholarship is held in our universities compared with Oxford and Cambridge, and suggested that competition was as necessary to stimulate the highest endeavor in mental work as it is in sport. In short, a new sense of responsibility seems to stir our academic world.



Proud parents on the campus at Bryn Mawr, where intellect is supposed to reign particularly supreme



Commencement Day oratory at Vassar. In front of the platform is draped the historic Daisy Chain



Part of the Centennial celebration at Miami, the college of Benjamin Harrison and Whitelaw Reid



At Rockford College—Miss Jane Addams's Alma Mater—a daughter of Mt. Holyoke and one of the oldest institutions in the Middle West



The graduation of Mr. Ying Hsing Wen, one of the two Chinese cadets, in this year's class at West Point. Cadet Wen stood 82d in a class of 103



On the "Hill" at the University of Wisconsin, where coeducation is especially successful. Of the four thousand students about one thousand are girls, to whom all departments of the university are open on terms equal to those provided for the men. In the academic courses the numbers of men and girls are about the same

Scientific Nature-Faking

The Roosevelt African Expedition as It Was Staged and Photographed for the Stay-at-Home-Man, With a Nickel to Spend, in a Chicago Moving-Picture Studio Jungle

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY BY THE SELIG POLYSCOPE CO.

THE moving-picture companies, whose enterprise ransacks every corner of the earth for graphic subjects to amuse an ever-sated and insatiable public, are already showing "Roosevelt in Africa," a jungle adventure as it was staged in America, the pictures for the film being made in a Chicago studio. A real lion was brought down by the made-up ex-President of the United States, the king of beasts was tied to a long pole and carried to the Roosevelt camp, there hung up and skinned by the glow of the campfire, around which the party gathered.

Preparing the Jungle

THE great hunt happened in April, several days before Mr. Roosevelt arrived in Mombasa, Africa, taking place in the studio of a motion-picture company. The lion-hunting à la moving-picture plant was far from being free from danger during the time that the movements of the fakers were being recorded by the camera. For, "once a lion, always a lion," and when the fatal shots were fired, Leo came near making an end of the moving-picture Roosevelt and the African beaters, otherwise members of Chicago's colored population.

The beginning of the subject, telling of the ex-President's hunt for big game, displayed the celebrated American and his son Kermit instructing the beaters preparatory to the dash into the jungle. At last, all arrangements having been made, the party was off for a white rhinoceros or anything in the way of an African animal that might turn up.

It was the jungle next—a cage about sixty feet long by twenty wide, with the best jungle scenery that could be manufactured. A bellows was being operated on one side of the cage, giving the effect of a spring breeze, which agitated the bamboo and palms. The cage in which the lion was held a captive was wheeled up to the larger one and the animal admitted to the dense jungle, his native habitation. The creature did not seem to like his new home and became frightened, then bellowed, and, when prodded in the ribs with poles, sought a place to lie down back of all the vines, bushes, and other scenery.

The Home-Made Beaters Earn Their Pay

FROM the camera platform it was the most realistic thing in the world. Hardly had the lion hidden himself from view when the beaters, headed by the tracker, entered the cage, followed by Mr. Roosevelt and his son Kermit. On all fours, his sharp eyes scanning the ground, the tracker crept forward. At the sight of Leo's fresh tracks he stopped, bent closer to the ground, then, in effective pantomime, leaped straight up in the air and waved frantically to the rest of the party.

The hunters came forward on the run, Mr. Roosevelt, his son Kermit, and R. J. Cunningham, the great English hunter of moving-picture make. The hunt was on in real earnest now. The white members of the party retired to the background, and a horde of native beaters, stripped to the skin and armed with every conceivable sort of weapon, came forward. The lion again became the center of attraction, and, as the beaters closed in upon him, wilder and wilder he grew. The creature snarled, and it was thought that the crucial moment had now arrived, but, suddenly swirling against one of the beaters, the animal dashed back into the foliage of the jungle. From his present place of hiding the beaters were unable to stir him. There was but one thing to do; desperate action was needed: Mr. Roosevelt must dash into the dense foliage and beard the lion in his own quarters.

Into the Lion's Mouth

THE producer bit his lip, and everybody took a long breath. The beaters became scared, but the ex-President was calm, and his eyes rested upon the huge form of the lion. The camera men up on their platform estimated the distance between them and the lion. Not a sound was heard throughout the big studio.



Mr. Roosevelt acknowledges the plaudits for his marksmanship



The lion coming out of the jungle, and the bearers carrying him away after he had been shot

"Are you ready?" the producer asked.

"Ready," replied Mr. Roosevelt, who was then taking aim.

Just as the outdoor American said ready the lion came rushing out of his quarters. The animal did not like the appearance of the man in khaki and came toward him. There was a puff of smoke and the sharp crack of a 303 high-power rifle. The next instant there was a roar such as no lion ever turned loose in a cage, and Leo, his left lower jaw broken by the bullet that went too low, burst out into the open and straight for the men upon the platform. The bars were twelve feet high, but the infuriated animal attempted to jump over them, but fell back, unable to make the distance because of the loss of blood. The sight of blood had now enraged him, and he charged the beaters, but two quick shots, which were not bungles, ended the animal's existence. One of the bullets hit in the right eye and the other just an inch above. Leo was killed as dead as anything Mr. Roosevelt will bring down in the real Africa. Down on the home-made jungle ground he sank and there passed from the world of moving pictures to the happy hunting ground.

"Get him!" cried the huntsmen, by this time worked up to a stage of real excitement.

The Wounded Monarch Expires

THE big native tracker, always on the job, burst through the underbrush and found the slain monarch breathing his last. Again he raised his war-cry and wrapped his arms around his naked body, snake fashion. The other natives hurried up, with Mr. Roosevelt and son in the lead and the Englishman trailing along beside.

They picked Leo up and looked him over. They counted the bullet holes and shook each other by the hands. Then Kermit wound up the jungle scene by pointing his camera at the natives.

But the realism of Mr. Roosevelt's African expedition did not end here. The game was tied to a long pole and carried to the distant camp. The beaters pranced along gesticulating and shouting. Some natives were passed, including little brown babies.

Night Comes in the Wilds of Africa

"YOU see, we've got to have the real color in such a picture as this," said the producer at this juncture, "and I believe we've come to as near doing the real thing as it could be done."

Leo, the deceased, was now hung up and skinned. It was night in the wilds of Africa, and the warm glow of the camp-fire reflected on the dark bodies of the natives.

While the head tracker and the aforesaid Englishman were engaged in removing the animal's hide, the statesman and hunter, as well as writer, scribbled some notes upon his pad, which probably read:

"Perhaps another century and big-game hunting, as far as lions, elephants, rhinos, and hippopotami are concerned, will be past forever."

This hunt was voted a success. It was considered by the producer the most realistic faking that was ever done.

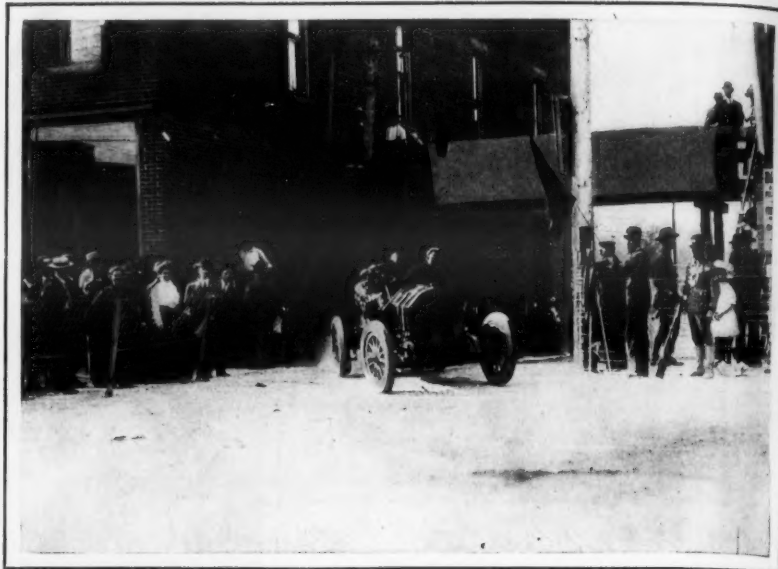
A Profitable Film

ALL of the participants in the hunting expedition were pleased with the events of the day, which had been recorded upon hundreds of feet of celluloid. One man who had stood by and watched the proceedings muttered discontent. He was the wild-animal man from whom the moving-picture company purchased the lion.

Although the expense of making this picture was not normal, running well above the \$1 000 mark, its total sales will probably net \$15,000, and more than one hundred million will enjoy this faking of Roosevelt's African expedition. Many copies of the film were made by the moving-picture company—one hundred and twenty at least—and sent round to the exchanges in the Film Service Association. Each exchange, in turn, will supply the film to the thousands of nickel show-houses that dot the cities and towns.



Ira M. Cobe of Chicago presenting J. Matson with the Indiana Trophy

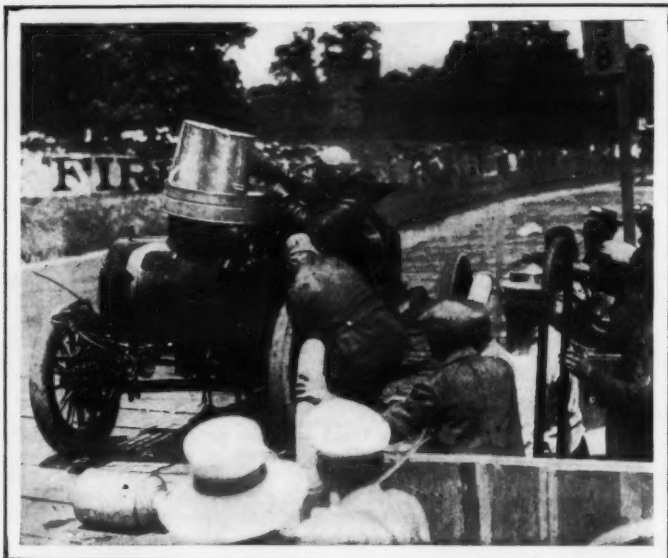


Hearn, the Chicago Amateur, rounding "Death Turn," Lowell, Indiana, Cobe Cup Race

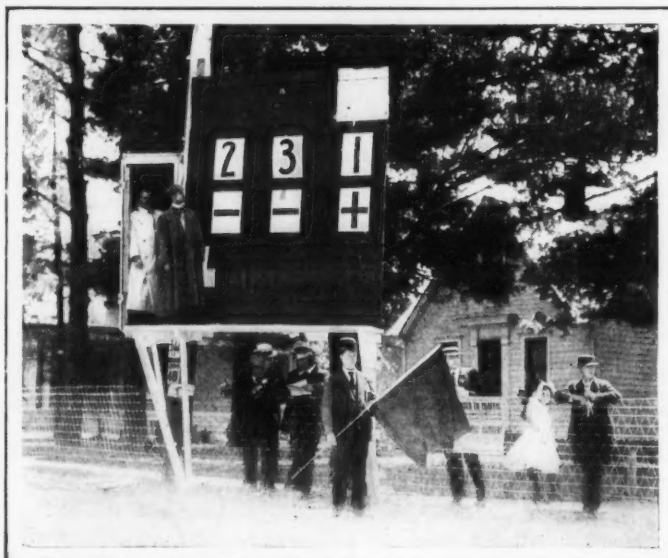
Photographs by
L. L. ATWELL
and
SPOONER & WELLS

The "Western V

The First Great Speed Event in the Mississippi Valley—Chicago's Automobile



Lytle filling his car and making a tire change in the heavy-car contest



Signal station, showing devices for communicating with the racers

THE IDIOT WHO STANDS OUT IN THE COURSE AT AN
(For further particulars consult your column)



By JOHN T. McCUTCHEN, in the Chicago " "

A SPIDER, planning to make the circuit of his web without passing over any transverse strands, would not be more perplexed than were the promoters of the Western Stock Chassis Races, when they tried to find near Chicago a course free from railroad crossings. Illinois was finally abandoned, and it fell to a Committee on Diplomatic Relations to steal across the line and prospect Indiana. Suitable roads were found near Crown Point, forty miles from Chicago. The committee "diplomatized" the town, the county, and the State. The Lake County court-house at Crown Point—a hitherto respectable old edifice standing in a square surrounded by an iron rail, to which the farmers hitch their horses of a market day—assumed a frivolous, if not quite dissolute, aspect: half automobile club, half garage. General Executive Frank H. Trego diplomatized his way into the sheriff's private office and presently diplomatized the sheriff out. So it was that Chicago took Crown Point. Crown Point was glad to be taken.

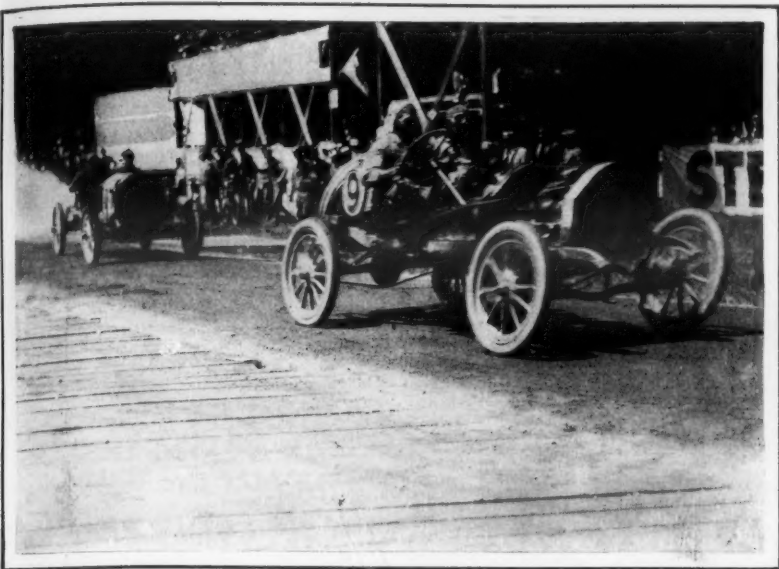
Though no speed records fell in the Indiana races, the contests were sensational, the most striking feature of the meet being the victory, in both events, of low-priced cars. In the Indiana Trophy Race (232.74 miles), for light stock cars, some of the aristocrats of American motordom fell before a stock "30" Chalmers-Detroit, driven by Matson at an average speed of 51.53 miles an hour. When it is recalled that Strang's average with the Isotta in the 240-mile Briarcliff race was 46 miles an hour, and that Hilliard, in the Lancia car, won the Savannah light-car race at an average speed of 52.6 miles an hour—a shorter race and an infinitely superior course—it will be seen that the little Chalmers's time was excellent. George Robertson, in a "30" Locomobile, was second; Monsen, in a Marion, third; Florida, in another Locomobile, fourth.

The roads of the Crown Point circuit (23.27 miles) are narrow. Passing is difficult. There are some bad turns and several miles of heavy going. One driver in the Cobe Cup race said he was forced to slow down to five miles an hour on one part of the course where the sand is deep. The light cars lacerated the roads, making the second day's event more difficult. The race for the Cobe Cup (395.66 miles) for heavy stock cars stands,

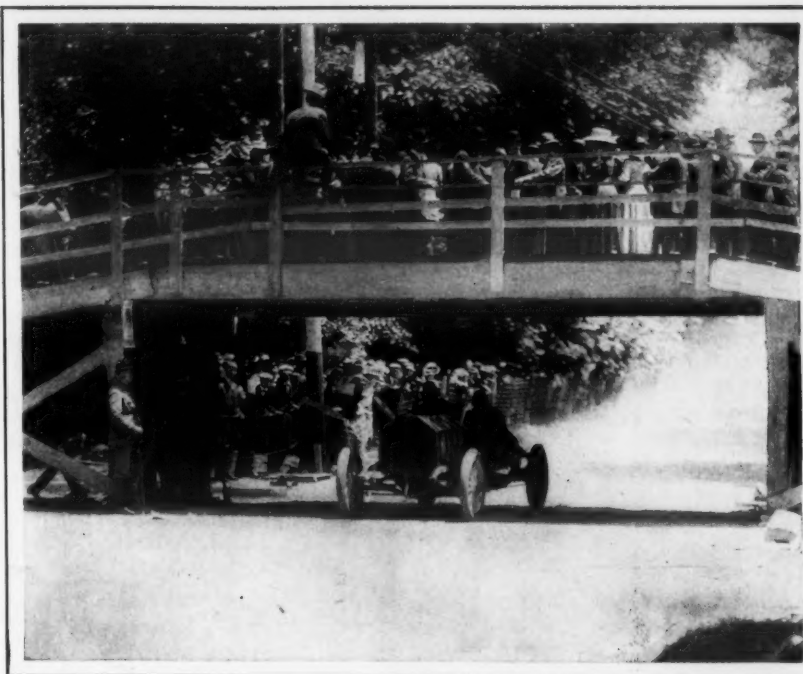


Chevrolet's driving finish—crossing the line in the victorious Buick, while Starter Wagner, at the left, waves the flag which signals "Your Race is Run." Chevrolet covered the 395-mile course in 8 hours, 1 minute, and 39 seconds—1 minute and 5 seconds ahead of his closest competitor, Bourque, in a Knox car, who crowded him hard clean up to the last moment

Joe Mat
Matson's
members



Strang trying to pass Pierce in front of the grand stand—Indiana Trophy Race



Chevrolet, winner of the Cobe Cup, tearing through Crown Point on his last lap

ern Vanderbilt" By Julian Street

's Automobile Road Race Held Near Crown Point, Indiana, June 18 and 19

DS OUT IN THE COURSE AT AN AUTOMOBILE RACE.
(For particulars see literary column next Sunday.)



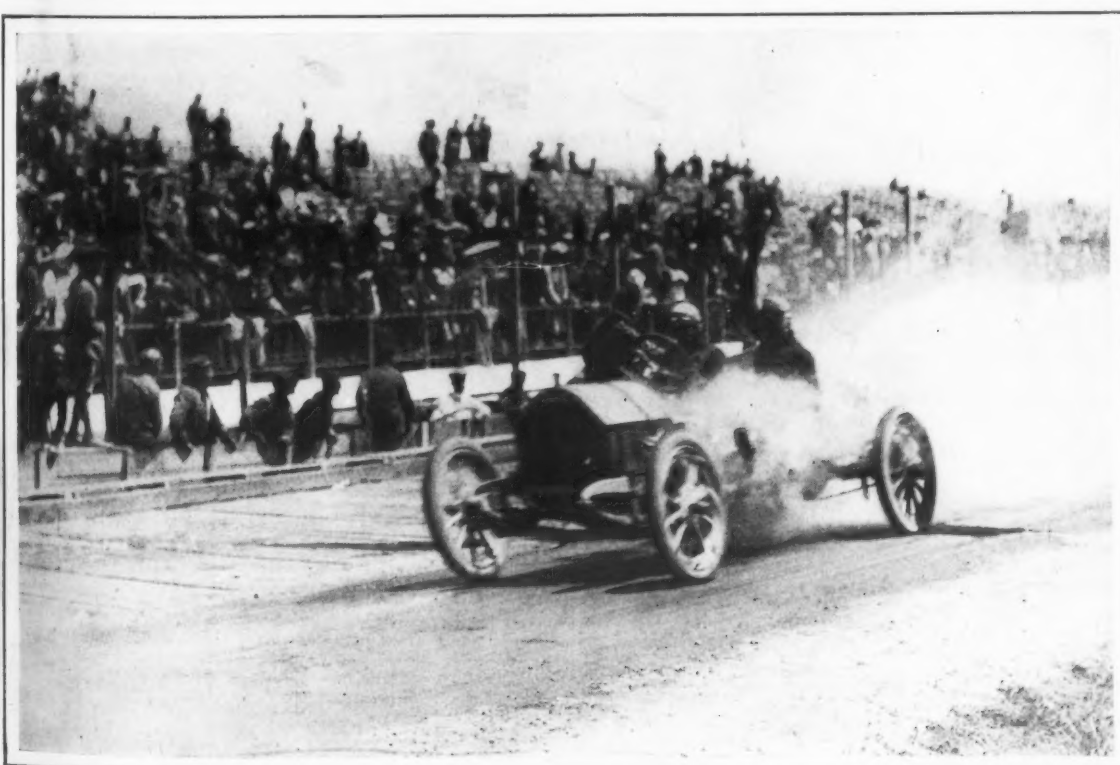
T. McCUTCHEN, in the Chicago "Tribune"



The Quick and the Dead—Miller passing by the dreaded Graveyard Turn



The excited grand stand—uncertainty marked the Cobe Race to the very end



Joe Matson making his phenomenal dash with the Chalmers-Detroit—winning the Indiana Trophy and defeating sixteen cars. Matson's time averaged two miles an hour faster than that of Chevrolet in the heavy-car race. The circuit was guarded by members of the First Regiment of Illinois militia. Estimates of the attendance vary from 250,000 to 300,000 people

with the single exception of the Grand Prize race run by high-powered racing cars at Savannah last year, as the longest road race ever held in the United States. It was a grueling grind for cars and drivers, a broiling sun adding to the torture. Toward the last the men were absolutely dazed. Only five of the twelve entries were running at the end.

When George Robertson half fell from his machine at the end of the Cobe cup race and reeled toward the garage, with eyes swollen shut and hands and face a mass of blisters, an Indiana farmer of the comic-opera type, including the proper allotment of chin whiskers, stepped up, peered at him, and, turning to a friend, remarked with the most perfect nasal twang conceivable: "Thar's one o' them thar dare devills." At which poor Robertson was obliged to laugh and crack his blisters.

A Buick, driven by Chevrolet, limped in first, winning at an average speed of 49.3 miles per hour. Borque, in a Knox, was second; Robertson, in a Locomobile, third; Hearn, a Chicago amateur, in a Fiat, fourth, and Englebeck, in a Stoddard-Dayton, fifth. It will be noticed that the average running time for the big-car race was approximately two miles an hour less than that of the light-car race. The large cars made better time in the stretches than the small ones, but the added length of the race and the deterioration of the roads combined to cut the average down.

The light-car race was not well attended, nor was the grand-stand more than half full on the second day. Many cars were, however, parked in the fields about the course, and some thousands of enthusiasts who came by rail were stationed at the turns, which had been widely advertised by the Chicago papers. The "S" turn proved tricky, somewhat after the manner of the Jericho turn on the Vanderbilt Cup course. The drivers took it carefully, and the crowds which gathered there, in the hope of seeing a bad spill, were disappointed. Likewise the luridly named "Graveyard Turn" and "Death Turn" exacted not a single victim. Though there were several accidents to competing cars in both races, no drivers or mechanics were injured, nor were any of the spectators seriously hurt by racing cars. Most of the accidents which occurred in connection with the race resulted from the racing fever which got into. (Concluded on page 24)



Wilmarth sat back in his deep chair—he looked quite shrunken and old

The Straggler

The Man Who Was Left Behind by the March of the Army of Youth

By KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

DAD." No reply. "I say, Dad." Wilmarth, his finger on the case of the People vs. the Westover Mills looked up with some impatience. Wilmarth, Jr., perceived the impatience. His level, thick-lidded eyes beneath their thatched brows did not waver; but his square, boyish face reddened.

"Sorry to disturb you. I just had a long-distance, calling me to New York. I'm off now. Back to-morrow. Too bad I can't hear your speech at the Somerset to-night."

"Going to New York again? What's up?"

"I don't know. They just said for me to come." Wilmarth, Jr., parried the father's question so placidly that it seemed an unwitting evasion. There was not a shred of diplomacy in young Thomas's make-up for that matter. He was as blankly ingenuous as a wooden Indian. Yet Wilmarth shrugged his shoulders. He was distinctly curious; and he was distinctly aware that his curiosity would avail him nothing whatever. For all his blunt stodgy cubbishness, Tom knew how to keep his own counsel. It was not a bad trait in a fledgling lawyer. However, Tom had a tedious trick of carrying this tongue-tied policy into unofficial relations. For instance, this trip to New York would be the fourth in a fortnight. And he had never vouchsafed one word concerning their object.

"Who's your New York man, son?"

There was an indefinite pause.

"Baxter. Hollister. Varick & Baxter. That Broad Street crowd."

"H'm. That young firm? Of Yale men? They're attorneys for the Child Labor Association, I believe?"

Thomas did not reply. He stood poring over the telephone directory. His face was guilelessly intent; his jaw clinched, solid rock.

Wilmarth frowned. He resented his son's taciturnity all the more because it implied such tranquil indifference to his own momentous opinions. One would suppose that the boy would turn constantly to his brilliant and successful father for advice. But Tom never turned to anybody. He went his own road, stolid, content. It was a good road enough; straight, level, glaring open to the eye. But its very openness baffled. Surely there must be some hidden goal beyond that broad, unshaded expanse.

Whatever and wherever that goal might be, Tom would undoubtedly get there. Tom always got there. And without half-trying. The ease of his boy's successes was another thorn to Wilmarth. His own work had always fagged him, drained him, body and soul. But Tom took everything in his Colossus stride. Sometimes he seemed less a human being than a big splendid machine, moving in unerring accord with some vast, mysterious power behind him. It was as if all eternity were backing his cool, unhurried plans.

"They're the Child Labor attorneys, you said?"

Tom put down the directory deliberately.

"Yes, sir."

"H'm. I understand they're working up a lot of litigation concerning the Colonial Mills disclosures. Rather sensational methods for a firm of any dignity."

Thomas did not reply.

"Baxter himself has worked along those lines for some time. Trying to get Congressional legislation to back up the State laws. Clever chap, Baxter. A bit of a fanatic, though. There is such a thing as unconstitutionality."

Thomas listened respectfully. His gray eyes looked levelly past his father, out upon the autumn park, across the broad avenue. Through its misty reds and golds there shone the deeper glow of bronze, the white gleam of a lofty pedestal.

"Well, Baxter is all right, I dare say. A good fighter, too. But he's like all that reformer breed. He may

start out in all sincerity to better his cause, but in the end he'll find himself doing more harm than good. You've got to weigh facts. Property rights; the legitimate powers of the manufacturer—"

Thomas's eyes drifted deprecatingly toward the clock.

"What train, Tom?"

"The 2.10."

"Well, your cab is waiting, isn't it? You can spare two minutes. There's something I want to speak of. Sit down."

THOMAS sat down with an effect of imperturbable assent. The chair, a massive carved-mahogany piece, huge and costly like every other fitting of the room, creaked as he settled into the leathern seat. The boy himself was even more massive than his surroundings. Even this lofty, sumptuous room gave an inadequate perspective for his husky young magnificence. He demanded a horizon not just a background. And this twenty-two-year-old stripling had presence, not just mere bulk. When he stood before his father, he towered. It was easier to talk to him sitting down. Even then he was formidable. Wilmarth was a big, florid, handsome man, yet he always felt dwarfed beside his son. And he could never shake off the grotesque conviction that the boy, clumsy lout though he was, yet never felt himself the inferior in his father's presence. They two met man to man. As Wilmarth fretfully phrased it, eye to eye, like duelists. Yet Tom's speech and manner were invariably deferential. Whatever antagonism hung between them was the intangible antagonism of temperament. Intangible—and inexorable.

"Thayer and Westcott were talking to me yesterday," Wilmarth began. "Concerning you."

He paused, significantly.

"What they said was a complete surprise to me. And a most gratifying one. As, undoubtedly, it will be to you."

He paused again. Tom listened, silent.

"They both spoke in highest terms of your work on the Bradbury case, and of your share in the Easton Hills suits. Thayer especially was—ah—enthusiastic. Quite. Even Westcott expressed unqualified approval. Also they announced that they had been considering you for some time. Also, they wished to state their willingness—their cordial willingness—that you should be taken into our firm."

He looked at the boy.

"And at once."

Thomas's level glance did not flicker. But he stirred slightly in the great chair.

"It is an amazing opportunity for so young a man," Wilmarth's voice rasped a shade. "An inexperienced youngster, out of college barely a year. I said as much, and frankly. I declared you were far too untrained, too superficial. My colleagues, however, waive all that, and insist."

He stopped, his eyes on the boy's impassive face. His fingers clicked angrily on the chair-arm.

"A most extraordinary opportunity." His voice was harsh, with mingled pride and exasperation. "I am glad that you can consider it so—ah—coolly."

Tom looked back at his father without reply. This slow, pondering stare of his was a habit which bored Wilmarth intensely. It was a sort of elemental judgment. His heavy jaw clinched; his heavy-lidded eyes brooded, unseeing. At length he spoke.

"This is most kind of you, sir. And of Mr. Thayer. And Colonel Westcott." He spoke slowly, in the deep, mellow voice which always came as a surprise from his hard, young throat. "I appreciate this, sir, indeed."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Wilmarth, with a caustic laugh. "Then I have your permission to accept?"

Tom hesitated. A shadow of reserve crossed his face. Again he glanced through the window upon the autumn park. Half-hidden by the vivid trees, his eye caught that gleam of bronze, that high pale glimmer of marble. He stared at it, unblinking, as if the great imperial statue were clear to view.

"Well?"

Tom stood up. His eyes turned again to the clock.

"I'd like to talk it over with you further, sir," he said, apologetically. "There's a few points— But it's mighty good of you and the firm to consider me, Dad. I surely realize that."

"H'm. Sorry that you must put us on probation. Hope you can keep us in mind while in New York."

The boy fumbled with his coat, silent. He did not seem to hear the affront. Only he seemed to loom. His presence gave a sort of vibration. Again he was less like a sentient thing than a big, pulsing force, the embodied youth and virility of him were so strong.

For the thousandth time Wilmarth's querulous eyes studied him. Black, heavy hair, with odd reddish lights; gray, thick-lidded eyes, steady and intent; high forehead, forehead of the seer, the dreamer, and balancing it, truing it, the grim, inexorable chin. There was little of Wilmarth in that face. But, had he glanced from the window, he would have seen the boy's replica in the bronze and marble of that great heroic figure, framed in its autumn trees. There, mounted high like a conqueror, at the head of the city's proudest thoroughfare, it stood: the famous statue of Wilmarth's father, the first Thomas Wilmarth. Of all her treasures, the city held this sculpture her dearest possession. It was not only a master-work of art: it marked a civic shrine. It was the homage paid by the Commonwealth to her noblest son. And, by quaint irony, here it stood, in its calm splendor, on the very spot where the man himself, leader of his forlorn, obstinate Abolitionist band, had been mobbed, insulted, spit upon: a spot held to-day as sacred ground by all his nation.

"Well, I'm off. Good-by, Dad."

"What's your address?"

"University Club. Good-by."

Wilmarth watched him stride away. The room seemed suddenly large and empty. He bent to his desk. At length he sprang up, impatiently, and began pacing to and fro.

The broad, dim mirror above the fireplace revealed

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him—arrogant head; full, powerful mouth; dark, sullen eyes. He was thinking over that talk with his colleagues. He could see their faces: Thayer, lean, sharp-tongued, politic, with his cool narrow eyes, his smooth insistent voice; Westcott, red, pulpy, clamorous.

"Really, Wilmarth, you underestimate your son. Young, yes. But sagacious, balanced. Why, he'll double the efficiency of the firm."

Then Westcott's fat squeak. "Confound it, Wilmarth, you think he's a lumpy cub, hey? Well, that lumpy cub of yours can give you forty yards and beat you at a canter. Stupid? By George, sir, he's a dynamo, I tell you, a dynamo. You're the only one who can't see it. You think he's so commonplace, so normal. By George, sir, it's because he's so normal, so level-headed, that he's such a wonder. Can't you get that into your head?"

Perhaps Westcott was right. Certainly, Tom was normal enough. And he was balanced, body and mind. On that score he surpassed even his seer grandfather, standing there in his grave majesty. Wilmarth scowled.

This resemblance between his own father and his son had always irked him. It left Wilmarth himself so unconcerned out of the game. Wilmarth's father, the first Thomas, had been the epic character of his tempestuous day. He was a daring antislavery leader, a man of power, and charm, and spirit. He had belonged utterly to his generation. He had lavished himself—life, property, traditions—on this cause that he adored. Wilmarth thought of his father always with a queer, half-resentful ruefulness. Never in sympathy with his soaring ideals, he yet owned a grudging admiration for the man himself. He recalled him as he had lived: handsome, chivalrous, the aristocrat born, yet the lover of humanity; his eager, exquisite face, his deep voice, mellowed, resounding—Tom's voice; the fine radiance of his nature, through failure and poverty and evil report, unconquerably golden and serene. True, Tom lacked these riper graces. However, Tom had other traits, more solidly reassuring.

"Thanks be, there's no slavery question nowadays. Else he'd probably take to soap-box-and-pine-knot oratory, just as father did," grumbled Wilmarth.

Wilmarth himself had never strayed into his father's lawless road. On the contrary, his career had been supremely sensible. A boy of twenty-one, he had stepped into the working world in the mid-seventies, just as the nation started on its long upward rebound, after the dragging war years. Alert, resourceful, a born opportunist, he had succeeded from the start. Of late years he had devoted much time to the Colonial Mills, a corporation unpleasantly well-known for its frequent collisions with laws governing the employment of minors. As their chief counselor, he had steered their somewhat devious course past the rock of opposing statute, and through the veering currents of public criticism. He had not enjoyed the work. While never narrowly puritanical, he had his standards, and the Colonial Mills were certainly a bit messy. Each year he had planned to step out. But they needed him badly, for an impertinent legislature and an unabashed press continually pried upon their most sacred reserves; and nobody but Wilmarth could bluster away these unfrightened marplots. Moreover, his fees were enormous, and they must be enormous. Wilmarth's tastes were never ascetic. And he wanted Tom to know no stint. Although, as he irritably reflected, that lout had never half appreciated either his eminent father or his eminent father's liberality.

"Oh, blazes!" He brought his foot down with a fretful stamp. "It's a relief to know that the cub is going into the firm. There he'll be anchored. And it's a good thing, as Westcott says, that he's so absolutely normal. If he wasn't, I'd hardly know what to expect."

TOM did not return for five days, instead of two. He and Baxter had taken a run down South, he explained. Yes, it had been a pleasant trip, he assured his father with bovine maddening candor. No, nothing interesting. Stopped over in Washington, and had a planked steak at the Friars' Grill that was fit for the gods. Why was it a fellow could never find a decent steak in all New England?

"What points did you wish to discuss with me?" Wilmarth finally drove the question home.

"Points of what?"

"Our—ah—partnership."

"Oh, you mean—"

"Our offer to you. Perhaps you recall it?" Wilmarth's tone seared.

"Oh," Tom considered. "I don't know that I wished to say anything—especially."

"Then you go in with us—unconditionally?" Wilmarth's gratified smile took the sting from the words.

Tom stood up, rubbing his big hands through his hair. His face wore its brooding look. His gray eyes dulled with undecipherable thought.

"I don't know how to express my appreciation, Dad," he said, finally. "I surely would like to come in." He paused, hesitant, yet not embarrassed. "But I've decided—not to accept."

"Not to accept?" Wilmarth's book crashed on the floor. He sat gaping, incredulous.

"No." He thought a moment. "Perhaps I'd as well come out with it, flat. I'm going in with another firm."

"Another firm?" Wilmarth's florid face was imbecile with bewilderment.

"Yes, Baxter's."

Wilmarth reared in his chair.

"Baxter's! Those fool, hare-brained agitators! That visionary, sensational gang!" He spluttered the words out, gasping. Then sheer rage mastered him. "Baxter's! You impudent young pup! You great blithering loon! So our partnership is not good enough for you, hey? We're rated a tolerably sound firm, let me tell you. We stand second to nobody in the State. That is, in the eyes of our associates. Though, perhaps, your requirements are more exacting!" He plunged to his feet, and stood, blazing. His powerful voice rang shrill. "So you'll go in with Baxter, hey? So you'll identify your-

self with that bellowing, muck-raking crew! 'Leaders of Labor Reform,' they call themselves. Leaders of Labor Ruination, they'd better put it. Of all the loud-mouthed, canting blackguards! And you, the third Thomas Wilmarth, to take your stand with such a gang!"

Tom heard him, unmoved. Not a muscle flickered in his smooth, stolid face. His hard jaw set; his gray eyes, behind their half-dropped lids, stared somber and unflinching. His silence redoubled Wilmarth's rage.

"So you're so confident you're right that you won't stoop to defend your position! You're so confoundedly assured that you won't bore yourself to make explanation to your own father. You'll take all the advantages I've poured on you, and step out without so much as a by your leave. You'll abandon an opportunity that would have given you prestige and success from the first day. You'll throw down the finest chance a man ever had. And for what? For a share with a mob of shysters that no decent lawyer would face in a court-room. You lubberly young whelp! I always knew there was nothing to you. But I kept on spending on you, I kept on banking on you. Because I thought, with the blood that was in you, you might come to something. I might have known—"

His furious voice lagged suddenly. The savage red ebbed from his face. He gaped at the boy with a startled, curious stare. Yet Tom had neither moved nor spoken. He stood, erect, impassive, on the great tiger-skin before the fire. His enormous body seemed to grow granite as he listened. His father's storming voice washed over him, futile as angry surf.

Wilmarth's lips parted again. Then an odd constriction tightened his throat. A dazed wonder assailed him. Would that dumb block never open his mouth? Could no taunt rouse him? A chill of misgiving ran icy through his veins. Then his passion flared high.

"Oh, I dare say it's just as well. You'd never have made good, anyway. You'd have bogged and floundered, straight through. Yet I was fool enough to bank on you—"

Again that poignant tremor shook him. He bent forward, peering, bewildered, at the boy. Tom's face had not changed.

"—And, by Jove, sir, I'm fool enough to feel like giving you the chance again!" That icy fear was gripping

every heart-beat now. A blue mist thickened before his eyes; his voice sounded very far away. He tried to laugh, unsuccessfully. "Come! Drop your rotten Quixotic notions, and stay by us. I—I spoke hastily, just now. I am sure that you can make good. Indeed, you may turn out a credit to the firm. Come, now!"

Tom turned to him, slowly.

"I'm sorry, sir. I really can not reconsider."

Wilmarth's hot eyes strained to him. His mouth grew dry. "Tom, you're carrying this too far." His voice jerked. He was shaking, now, with sick, hideous, pre-science. "You won't smash all your chances. And all for this infernal, sensational—Will you explain yourself, sir?" His voice leaped up in shrill, weak fury. "Why are you doing this? What damn schemes are you contriving, that you can't go in on your own father's firm? Answer me that, sir. Make that clear!"

"I would if I could," said Tom, meditatively. The contrast between his naive calm and his father's heaving passion was almost comic. His eyes turned to the great arched window. The velvet curtains had not been drawn; he looked out, across the frost-whitened drive, at the moonlit park, its red and golden trees now silver in that cold mystic light. "I've wondered how I could make it clear. I knew you wouldn't understand."

HE TURNED again to the low fire. Its flames illuminated him, like votive fires before a statue. His splendid poised body; the warmed marble of his columnar throat; his cool, relentless mouth. And as he stood there, a slow light deepened and burned in his gray, half-shut eyes.

"I guess it's because I'm a born scrapper," he said, meditatively. "I do love a fight for the fight's sake. Yes, probably it is rather low-down of me. But I've always envied grandfather out there his chance at freeing slaves. 'Course he got tar and feathers and jail sentences and his head smashed every now and then. But he was right in the game, all right. And you bet he made good!" His leonine head lifted; a red spark gleamed in his eyes. "I always did wish I'd known grandfather. He was the real thing. And, as I say, I've always envied him, just as I used to envy the knights

(Concluded on page 26)



The Misunderstanding

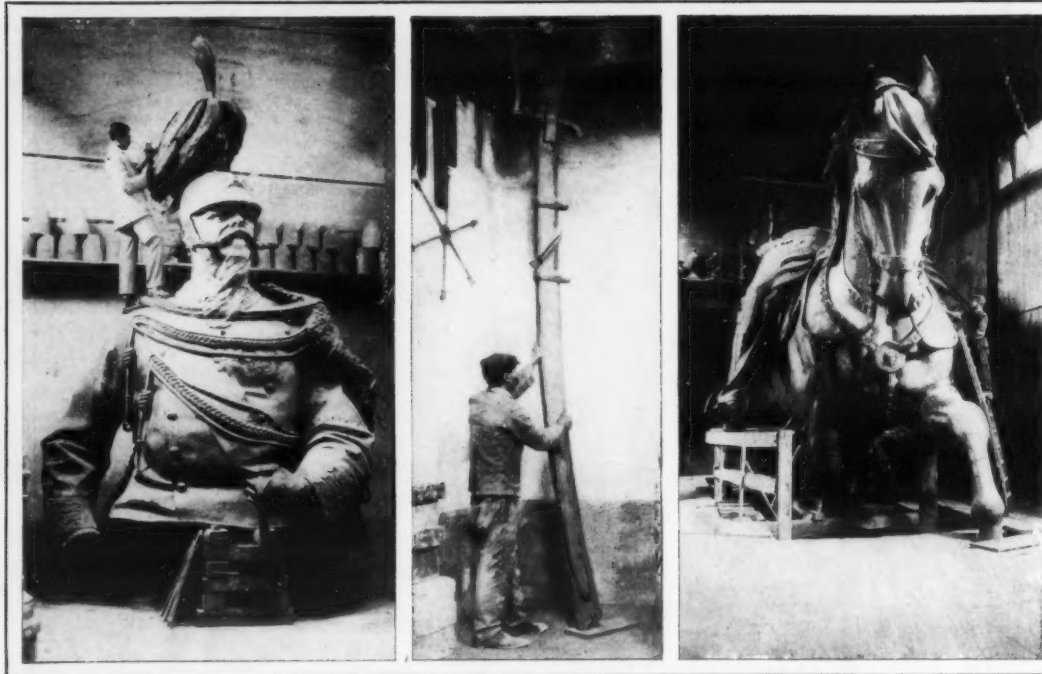
Drawn by OLIVER HERFORD

What the World Is Doing:



Raising a Historic Wreck

Among the historical exhibits to be shown at the Champlain Tercentenary will be the hull of Benedict Arnold's schooner, the "Revenge," raised from the bottom of Lake Champlain, where it has rested for over a century



A Fifty-Ton Bronze Statue of King Victor Emmanuel

This huge casting, now being put together in Italy, was designed by Chiaradia and was made from 170 molten cannon. It is to be erected in Rome next September and will be officially dedicated in 1911 at the fiftieth anniversary of United Italy. The cost of gilding the statue will amount to over \$20,000. The sword alone weighs 350 pounds and is 14 feet high; the King's head weighs 2,500 pounds; thirty people have sat at luncheon inside the horse's body



Some Little Heathens Afraid of a Flashlight

Chinese pupils at the dedication of the Imperial Chinese School in San Francisco,—the first of such schools to be started in cities of the United States. A number of the young celestials were a trifle timid about the impending explosion

This Great World

CRETE, the island famed in story, is a succulent bone of contention. Greece wishes to annex Crete. Turkey prefers to maintain her suzerainty. The affair will give the Young Turks their first chance at international statesmanship. Which way Crete yearns is reckoned of small moment.

"In the best imperial spirit" the editors of the British Empire have scattered to their colonial swivel-chairs and blue pencils—there to help raise money for *Dreadnoughts* against the day of Armageddon. "Did we really expect," asks the "Fortnightly Review," "that we could permanently keep under the British flag at a cheap price a quarter of the world?"

Dayton, Ohio, clasps hands with Washington, District of Columbia, in proving that those who make good elsewhere may return with honor to their own country and home town. Dayton's favorite sons, the Wright boys, who have discovered a new thoroughfare through space, receive a civic parade, rockets, and perishable souvenirs on June 17 and 18.

New York's budget of local news is of a rather sordid kind. Two murders, each of a subtle ferocity, have puzzled the local sleuths, and a suit for divorce, containing salacious elements, is dragging its slimy length across the front pages of the great dailies.

With the bitterness of a neighborhood fight or a Mississippi feud, the trial in San Francisco of Patrick Calhoun, president of the United Railways, has drawn to a close. Local issues of club life, society life, and political life have intruded in such ways as sometimes to make pure and undiluted justice a stranger at the feast. Heney, although weakened by his gun wound, displayed most of his famous militant energy in summing up for the prosecution.

Meanwhile, the city of San Francisco is preparing to celebrate the rebuilding. On October 19, and thence for a week, festivities will mark the community's uprising from the earthquake.

This issue will be reaching our island possessions and other friends of the farther regions on or about July 4—the day we celebrate with access of noise, sunburn, and powder stain. American eloquence will be released from a thousand platforms, while the flag of the free flutters just over the impassioned orator.

It will be pleasant when Maxim's "silencer," which makes a rifle sound like a soda-water bottle, is adapted to firecrackers, gutter torpedoes, and the other joy items of the Great Day. Boys will then feel keen rivalry in seeing who can buy the hugest and most noiseless cannon crackers. Non-detonating bombs will softly perform their mission and silently crumble away. Unostentatiously the guns will roar like a sucking dove, while entire bangless packs of fat red firecrackers modestly explode at the windows of unawakened sleepers. You will know the day by the great hush that falls over the earth from sun-up to evensong.

The Itinerant Monarchs

IT MAY be true that there is no East nor West when two strong men meet. But the meeting of Czar and Kaiser only emphasized the points of the compass and the subdivisions of geography by national and racial lines.

In the middle of June, at Pitpikas, on the Finnish coast, Nicholas and Wilhelm chatted about the future of Europe. Knowing that the Czar was planning a series of visits to President Fallières, to King Edward, to the Pope and Victor Emmanuel, and to one or more of the northwestern countries, the Kaiser inserted a call at the beginning of the imperial tour. It is believed that the German Emperor desired by his urgency to weaken the fellowship of Russia with Great Britain and France.

King Edward of England recently completed a pacifying tour, where his infallible tact was never in better oiled condition.

The theory of sovereignty used to be the static. "I sit. I teach," said the New England sage. And it was the old-fashioned idea of kings that they were immovable on a golden throne. Seated like Javey, they dispensed justice from the center of rest. But to-day, to stay at the same point, they sometimes have to run at the top of their speed. A modern king is a bit of a commercial traveler.

The Sultan is said to have caught the idea, and packs his grip for a jaunt through Europe in the autumn of 1909. He will call on England in December.

Weston's Astonishing Walk

FOR three months now this infinitely minute microscopic ant of a Weston has been crawling steadily westward across the continent. On June 10, in southwestern Wyoming, he clambered over the continental divide and started the down trail toward San Francisco. All sorts of difficulties, in addition to those which would naturally oppose the attempt of a man seventy-one years old to walk across the continent in one hundred days, beset him in this deserted country. He was following the Union Pacific tracks. They are high up in the air in these parts—seven thousand feet, more or less. There was rain, wind, and hail; the stations are scarcely more than signboards; often he was unable to get proper food, sometimes no proper place to sleep. Yet he kept on. On June 16, at some lonely telegraph station near the Utah line, he wires about a chill and threatened lumbago. The next morning he is up and off again as good as new, apparently. And

A Record of Current Events

piloted by some of the railroad people, he tramps interestingly through the Aspen Tunnel, a mile and a quarter long. Next day he falls, a bottle breaks, and cuts him severely in the chest, and he returns greatly disturbed. The railroad people examine him, decide that he is not seriously injured, and away he goes, again rejoicing. The hoboes who tramp the tracks and steal rides "don't look good" to him. "I am now carrying a revolver," he wires, "but for what purpose I hardly know, believing that if I were attacked they would also take my gun." Childlike, indomitable, he plugs along, his legs, wind, and pluck sufficient for each present moment as it comes. It is an extraordinary performance. Whether or not Weston succeeds in covering the distance in one hundred days, as he hoped to do, it is still an extraordinary performance. It is something which ought to help every man who feels inclined to whine about getting "old" or to yield cheaply to cold or hunger or fatigue. Blow winds, beat rain, and do your worst—at least, we're men and captains of our souls.

Recent Pranks of the Sugar Trust

THE Sugar Trust continues playful. Indeed, it is revealing an unsuspected genius for achieving the limelight. Three times running all the lights have been turned on while it was pursuing its coy and saccharine pranks in the pantry. With the jam on its face and gluing its teeth together, it is holding its peace. Its whimsical extra-legal ways were most recently shown in its settlement out of court of a thirty-million-dollar suit brought against it by the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Company.

The terms of settlement are said to be two million dollars, canceling a loan of one and one-half million dollars, and returning certain securities.

The Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Company had accepted a loan from Gustav E. Kissel, a secret agent of the Sugar Trust. The loan was secured on a majority block of the Pennsylvania Company's stock, and Kissel inserted the playful proviso that he, the lender, should nominate the directors till the loan was paid. Then clever Mr. Kissel elected himself and three Sugar Trust clerks as directors, and forthwith closed the new refinery of the Pennsylvania Company, ruined Adolph Segal, the head of it, and drove the president of a real estate company—connected with Segal—to suicide.

The whole performance from the Trust's point of view was thorough, swift, and mirth-provoking. But it has had a nasty look to the general public, and prosecution by the Government may result.

Grilling the Newspapers

NEWSPAPERS sometimes think themselves the movers and shakers of the world forever, it seems. Then some swift abuse will be passed out to them, and they grow humble-minded for a little. They have just been in for both treatments.

Lord Rosebery has been saying:

"The power of a great newspaper, with the double function of guiding and embodying the public opinion of the province over which it exerts an influence, is immeasurably greater than that of any statesman could be."

Then spake Sir Hugh Graham of Montreal to the British journalists, indirectly smiting America's scribes: "They know that, as a rule, you (journalists of Britain) are not publishing inspired nonsense to help your Government. They feel sure that you are not the paid megaphones of financial buccaneers."

And the final touch is laid on by the special committee of Governor Hughes, which has spent a half-year in Wall Street. It reports:

"A large part of the discredit in the public mind attaching to 'Wall Street' is due to frauds perpetrated on the small investor throughout the country in the sale of worthless securities by means of alluring circulars and advertisements in the newspapers. To the success of such swindling enterprises a portion of the press contributes."

"Papers which honestly try to distinguish between swindling advertisements and others may not in every instance succeed in doing so; but readiness to accept advertisements which are obviously traps for the unwary is evidence of a moral delinquency which should draw out the severest public condemnation."

"So far as the press in the large cities is concerned, the correction of the evil lies, in some measure, in the hands of the reputable bankers and brokers, who, by refusing their advertising patronage to newspapers notoriously guilty in this respect, could compel them to mend their ways and, at the same time, prevent fraudulent schemes from deriving an appearance of merit by association with reputable names."

When Sugar Met Oil

IT WAS night. Without, the rain was dropping in fierce gusts. The great hall of the club was rich in warmth and light. The two old cronies met in front of the blazing red hearth.

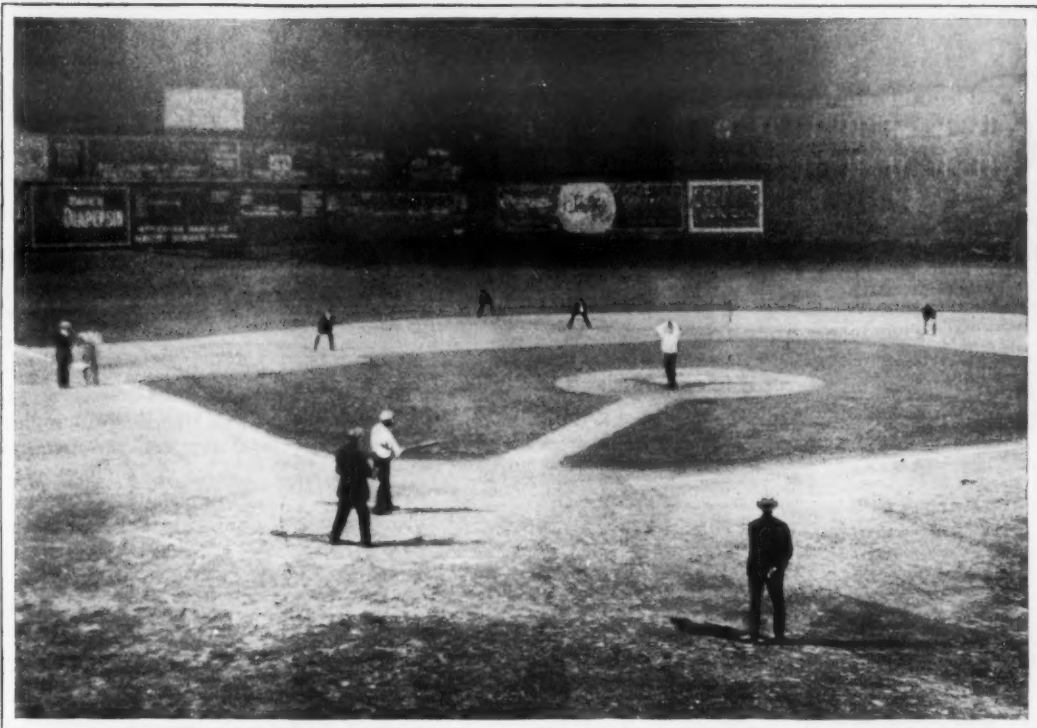
"Hello, Oil," said the round, fat, little fellow. "Bad night out. Let's have one."

"Say, Sugar," said Standard Oil, menacingly, "we are friends no longer. Out of my sight."

"Cruel, cruel words," said Sugar Trust, grieved to the heart. "What have I done?"

"You have committed the unpardonable offense of being caught with the goods on three times running. Three times is Down and Out. You are a disgrace to trusts. You might have been a criminal in a large

(Continued on page 22)



The First Baseball Game at Night

The contest held under electric lights on the National League Grounds of Cincinnati, June 18, was an experiment so successful that the experts of the country have declared that night baseball may possibly have come to stay.

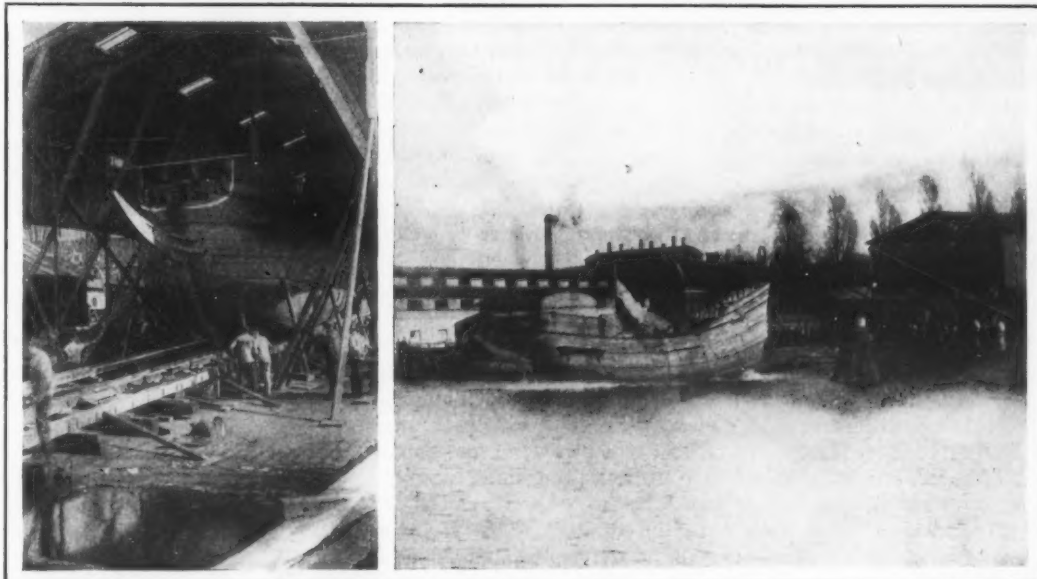


WITH sincere and whole-souled flattery the English "Sphere" for May 8 lifts the clever cartoon of the "Scientific American" of March 27. The American sheet pictured the folks coming and going. The cultured thief of England has them going and coming. The caption of the "Scientific American" cut reads: "Receipts and expenditures of the United States Government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908."

With easy grace, the "Sphere" alters and says: "Our national income for the year 1909-10—whence the money comes and where it goes."



A Good American Idea Adapted to English Use



Launching the "Half Moon" in Amsterdam

"De Halve Maen," a replica of the vessel in which Henry Hudson discovered Manhattan Island, in 1609, and sailed up the river, which now bears his name, has been rebuilt in Holland, and will be brought across the ocean to take part in the Hudson-Fulton celebration, from New York to Albany, September 25-October 3, 1909.

Who the Insurgents Are

By MARK SULLIVAN

ON THIS page, last week, were printed the names of the thirty-eight Republican Senators who have voted uniformly with Aldrich on all the important schedules of the new tariff bill. They constitute the faithful band, by means of which he has been able to dictate the Senate bill.

Below are printed the names of the Republican Insurgents—those Republican Senators who have voted against Aldrich on a majority of the important schedules, who have been able to embarrass, though not to defeat, him. In determining what Senators belong on this list, the same test is made as was used in fixing the status of the thirty-eight regulars. In the Senate discussion of the new tariff there have been upward of a score of votes in which each Senator has been compelled to go on record for or against the duty proposed by Mr. Aldrich. Many of these votes have been on minor, unimportant schedules. From among them these eight have been selected as being important and representative:



Senator Cummins of Iowa, who has voted and worked against Aldrich on a majority of the tariff schedules

Lumber Cutlery	Sugar Lead	Iron ore Earthenware	Cotton Pig-iron
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The thirty-eight regulars are the Senators who supported Mr. Aldrich on all these votes; the Insurgents are the Republican Senators who have voted against Mr. Aldrich on a substantial majority of these schedules, and have maintained, generally, an attitude hostile to his determination to revise the tariff upward. Stated in the order of their insurgency, so to speak, they are:

La Follette of Wisconsin	Bristow of Kansas
Clapp of Minnesota	Beveridge of Indiana
Nelson of Minnesota	Dolliver of Iowa
Cummins of Iowa	Burkett of Nebraska
Brown of Nebraska	Crawford of South Dakota

La Follette of Wisconsin is the greatest Insurgent of them all. He has voted against Aldrich on seven of the eight schedules named—on all except cutlery.

Clapp of Minnesota, like La Follette, voted against Aldrich on all the schedules named except cutlery; on the earthenware schedule he refrained from voting. He has been Insurgent in temper.

Beveridge, Bristow, Brown, Cummins, and Nelson all voted exactly alike. They voted against Mr. Aldrich on lead, lumber, iron ore, pig-iron, cotton, and sugar; and with Aldrich on two schedules, earthenware and cutlery. Dolliver voted with Aldrich on lumber, earthenware, and cutlery; and against Aldrich on the other five schedules.

Burkett voted against Aldrich on five schedules and with Aldrich on three—earthenware, sugar, and cutlery.

Crawford of South Dakota voted like most of the Insurgents, against Aldrich on five of the schedules, and with Aldrich on two—earthenware and cutlery. He did not vote at all on the cotton schedule.

Having named the Regulars and the Insurgents, there remain nine Senators who fall within neither class. Senator Gamble of South Dakota voted against Aldrich on four schedules, lead, lumber, iron ore, and cotton; he voted with Aldrich on the same number of schedules, pig-iron, earthenware, sugar, and cutlery; Gamble is a near-Insurgent. Senator Du Pont of Delaware voted against Aldrich on two schedules, lumber and iron ore. McCumber of North Dakota voted against Aldrich on lumber only. Borah of Idaho voted against Aldrich on iron ore and pig iron, and did not vote on the cotton schedule. Johnson of North Dakota voted against Aldrich on lumber and sugar; Jones of Washington voted against Aldrich on cotton and sugar. Bourne of Oregon and Richardson of Delaware have been absent when most of the votes on the various schedules were taken.

A Remarkable Senator

NO OBSERVER of the tariff debate in the Senate can fail to be impressed by Senator Thomas Gore of Oklahoma. He is alert, well-informed, and effective in expression. Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire was making sarcastic mention of one of those numerous Democrats in the Lower House who, for home consumption, delivered a bombastic oration against the tariff—and then voted for a tariff on lumber. The following passage then took place—one of those unusual interludes which relieve the debates and recall an older generation when classical allusion was more common in the Senate:

"MR. GALLINGER—In another body not long ago a distinguished gentleman said: 'The tariff bill is nothing short of an outrage. The witches whom Macbeth met on the heath never brewed a hell broth half so vile as this legislative compound.' Then

that gentleman plunged his hands into the caldron of broth and pulled out a prize package inscribed 'Lumber' and voted for a duty on it.

"MR. GORE—Mr. President, I remember something else from the tragedy of 'Macbeth' where Macbeth himself had occasion to exclaim:

"And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope."

The aptness of the allusion, the fact that Senator Gore's quotation came from the same play that Gallinger mentioned, his speedy response with the best description in English poetry of a double-dealer, all constitute a remarkable bit of repartee. The Senator who accomplished this has been blind since he was eleven years old. He never read "Macbeth" or anything else—he has only heard them. No other Senator has shown either such memory or such command of classical allusion or such mental agility. Most men who, like Senator Gore, were blind and poor at eleven are now in indigent asylums. His career is an inspiration. "I strive against adversity," was the motto of Edmund Burke.

The Moral Issue

MONEY of Mississippi, Bailey of Texas, and Dolliver of Iowa, are the only Senators who see the tariff as a moral issue, or who care to say that they so see it. Senator Dolliver's words are these:

"As the result of my observations upon the different tariffs of the world (and I do not pretend to be wise or deeply read about the matter), I find that wherever there is a protective tariff it has built up a system of morality of its own, and I never found that its rules of morals were in accord with any other rules of morals, religious or secular, ever framed in this world. It has built up a system of morality in this country that not only is wicked, but it allows to be done, by authority of law, what the man who does it would never do in his private capacity as a citizen. It permits a man not only to covet his neighbor's goods, but to take them away from him by force of law. When we consider that we collected a little over \$300,000,000 last year, and the people of this country pay in taxation to these protected interests \$2,100,000,000, I think it is about time we are considering whether we are not taxing the American people a little too far."

All those millions which go, not into the United States Treasury, but into the pockets of wealthy manufacturers, can fairly be called by no other name than graft. And so long as this goes on under color of law, it is hard to keep the moral stigma upon all those other allied forms of acquisition which go by the same name, but are not sanctified by statute. When the *meum* and *tuum* distinction has been lost as between classes, it is hard to maintain it as between individuals. Senator Bailey has done more than any other one Senator to keep this aspect of protection to the front.

Perhaps the Churches Will Help

THE Episcopal Diocesan Council of Lexington, Kentucky, a purely ecclesiastical body, last week resolved that:

"Being a branch of God's church . . . we feel deep concern over conditions created and being perpetuated by alarming, if not revolutionary, legislation, whereby the necessities of the lives of the needy are disproportionately taxed."

Perhaps the churches may some day come to see the tariff as a moral issue. Many a clergyman preaches his Sunday sermon upon subjects involving less fundamental righteousness. Aldrich and his machine are proving that they do not fear the press which, big and little, is substantially unanimous in denunciation of the Senate tariff bill. Possibly they would defy the church, too. We should like to see an organization of consumers' leagues, based upon the effective lines of the Anti-Saloon League, for genuine tariff reform.

283 Days

FROM the date of this paper, it is 283 days until any change can be made in the complexion of the present Lower House of Congress. The second Tuesday in April, 1910, is the first day when any American citizen will have the opportunity to cast his ballot for a Member of Congress pledged to vote against CANNON for Speaker.



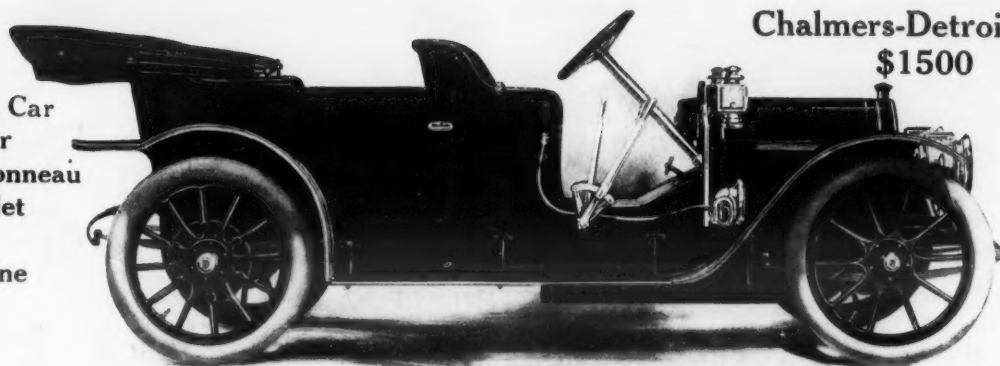
Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, the chief Insurgent of them all. He has fought Aldrich at every step, and voted against him on seven out of eight schedules



Senator Dolliver of Iowa, who has led many of the debates against Aldrich, and has opposed him on a majority of the schedules of the tariff

Collier's maintains at Washington an office in charge of a legislative expert who will be glad to answer any questions concerning the work of Congress and the Government at Washington. Address Collier's Congressional Record, 901 Munsey Building

Touring Car
Roadster
Pony Tonneau
Landaulet
Coupe
Limousine



Chalmers-Detroit "30"
\$1500

Here's Our Larger 1910 Model For Our \$1500 Car

On May 12th, we sold the last Chalmers-Detroit "30" in the model of 1909. That completed our output—2,500—of these remarkable cars.

There were 800 people left disappointed. There were orders amounting to \$1,200,000 which we could not fill.

Now we announce these new models. Every Chalmers-Detroit dealer will have them on show in July.

1000 Extra Cars

This season our output of "30's" will be 3,500 cars. And those 1,000 extra cars will be produced without adding a dollar to our overhead expense. That means a great saving per car.

They will also be made with last year's tools and machinery. So this great expense will not be repeated. The new cars are not altered in mechanical ways. This year increasing the bore of our cylinders to four inches and making slight changes in the exhaust valves gives us considerable more power, but we still rate the motor at 30 h. p. Otherwise the chassis could not be improved.

Every cent of this saving will be given to you in the shape of a sightlier car. Our profit remains the same as last year—exactly nine per cent.

As a result of these savings, we offer this season—at last season's price—this amazing car.

Roomier, Handsomer Car

The 1910 Chalmers-Detroit "30" has a 115-inch wheel base. That's three inches longer than our "Forty" of last season.

Its wheels are 34 inches, while last season's were 32.

The hood is longer and higher—the tonneau more roomy; and the lines are like the costliest cars on the market.

Yet the price remains \$1500. By increasing our output, and retaining our chassis, we save enough to make these improvements.

Extras at Low Cost

Here is an additional policy adopted for 1910; that is, to furnish the following extras at the lowest possible cost—much cheaper than you could possibly buy them unless you bought them from us.

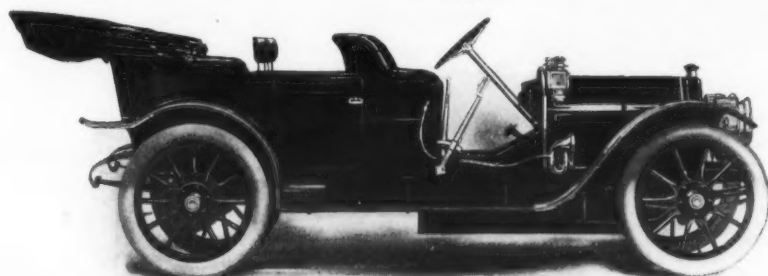
We will fit our \$1500 car with a Bosch mag-

neto, a Prest-O-Lite gas tank and two Atwood-Castle new style gas lamps, all for \$100 extra. The cost of these extras at regular prices would be \$175.

We will furnish our "30" with a Lenox mohair top for \$75 extra. This is the very best top we can buy. Don't be satisfied with the ordinary top when you can get a mohair top from us for \$75. The regular price of this top is \$125.

On our "Forty" the Bosch magneto, the gas lamps and gas tank are all included in the price of \$2,750. But we will supply with our "Forty" a \$150 Newport mohair top for \$125 extra, and we will supply two extra seats—for \$75 extra.

These extras are all figured at a very small margin of profit over cost. We give to you all the enormous advantage we get through quantity buying.



The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—\$2,750

Two Extra Seats \$75

Here is our "Forty" for 1910—with a 122-inch wheel base. That is ten inches longer than last season. The wheels are now 36 inches. And the car seats seven.

It is upholstered in hand-buffed leather, and fitted with Bosch magneto, gas tank and gas lamps free.

We will equip this car with a \$175 Newport top for \$125 extra. The two extra seats will be furnished for \$75. That's because of our new policy—extras at nine per cent profit.

So this 7-passenger car, when fully equipped, costs less than our 5-passenger "Forty" of last season.

This is our "Forty's" fifth season. It is known far and wide as the best medium-priced car on the market. Scores of the best experts we have in America have selected it for their personal use.

This season's model has all the size, style and appearance of the costliest cars that are made. All that a higher price can buy is unneeded power and higher cost of upkeep.

The Records of 1909

One of the Chalmers-Detroit "30's" has covered 32,000 miles, and has just completed a path-finding trip from Denver to Mexico City. Never has any car, at any price, made an equal endurance record.

We have been paid for replacements on 1909 cars exactly \$2.44 per car. No other car has a record like that.

On a long distance speed test this car has averaged 50.2 miles per hour. On an economy test, made during Carnival Week in New York, this car ran 25.7 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

Never has a car, at any price, proved so satisfactory. Never did a car of similar size show such low cost for upkeep.

That's why we make no mechanical changes. No man dreams of a better car than our "30" of 1909.

Made as Touring Car, Roadster and Pony Tonneau.

New 1910 Catalog Free

—Demonstrating Cars in these new models will be in the hands of all Chalmers-Detroit dealers this month. Deliveries to users will begin August 1st.

Get our catalog now and make your decision, for orders will be filled in rotation.

The tide of automobile demand has turned to these medium-priced cars. The day of extravagance is past. A modest price and low cost of upkeep are sought by men who know.

The Chalmers-Detroits are the most popular cars on the market. The demand this season, as it did last, is bound to exceed the supply. For not another make on the market begins to give so much for the money.

By ordering now you will have five months' use before the car's year begins.

Please mail us this coupon now.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co.
Detroit, Mich.

Mail your 1910 Catalog to

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.
U. S. A.

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

\$350. For a Name QUICK!

Read this story and hit upon a name that will appropriately mark the greatest and best-valued line of popular-priced underwear in the world. Just a good, practical, sensible name that everybody will be able to pronounce and easily remember. Here are the facts:

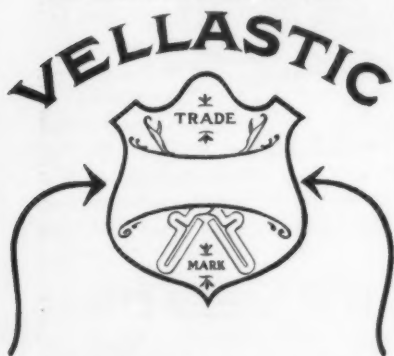
The Company wanting this name is the Utica Knitting Company

Starting twenty years ago with a capital of \$20,000 and one small factory, this Company has steadily grown into a concern operating seven great mills which produce over \$4,000,000 worth of underwear goods each year. This growth has been due entirely to making better goods at no higher prices. The Utica Knitting Company cards its own materials, spins its own yarns, finishes every garment with the best machinery and handwork in existence, and ships all its products in boxes made in its own paper and lumber mills. Nothing is overlooked from beginning to end that will save an outside profit, and every bit of this saving goes into the quality of the Utica Knitting mills products.

Now read this over until you understand the matter thoroughly. The Utica Knitting Company makes many different styles of underwear for men, women and children, in winter and summer weights, selling at 50c. to \$1.50 per garment, or double per union suit. These different styles are now highly known throughout the trade under various trade-mark names. Following are a few of the most noted of these names:

Lambsdown For men, women and children	Vellastic For men, women and children
Unitee A patented combination garment for boys and girls	Olympic Coat cut, knee-length, K.N.I.T. summer underwear for men and boys
Standard Fleece For men and women	Oriskany For men and women

These various names are now used and will continue to be used over the following shield design, in this space, as for instance:



What is wanted now is one name to go into the shield in this central space to be used in combination with each and all of the other names.

There are many different kinds of silverware, each having its own name. The word "Sterling" goes with all these names to show the highest possible quality. We want a name that will go with all our different styles of underwear just as "Sterling" goes with different styles of silverware.

For the name we desire, we will pay: \$200
For the second best, we will pay: \$100
For the third best, we will pay: \$50

If more than one person sends in the winning name, the prize will be divided equally. This rule applies to all three prizes. All names must be mailed on or before July 10th. You have, therefore, only a few days, but this is to your advantage, as the best ideas come from the quickest and hardest mind-work. Simply write the name or names you suggest on plain white paper, with your own name and address, enclose in an envelope, and mail to

UTICA KNITTING COMPANY
Contest Bureau 366 Broadway New York City

Read the above story over and over—let your mind play on it and the right name will suggest itself. Go at it now—and go at it to win the \$200.

DO NOT FAIL TO WATCH FOR THE RESULTS OF THIS CONTEST TO BE PUBLISHED IN THESE COLUMNS AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE DATE.

impersonal way; but instead of that you're only a blunderer."

Sugar stumbled out through the darkness and melted into the wet, gusty night.

Blessed Peace

ENGLAND, like a swelling schoolboy, is preparing to show its biceps to Christendom on July 17, when it marshals the long-drawn line of destroyers, one hundred strong, on Thames River. She has just given a full-dress rehearsal of battleships—forty-three of them—to the Colonial editors, who have been enjoying the pleasures of London for a season before returning to quill-driving in the Provinces.

Of course the veiled purpose of the Imperial Press Conference was to win the colonies overseas to England's war program. To proclaim danger, to clamor for aid—that was the predestined scheme to try out upon the visiting editors.

Lord Rosebery created the effect. "Dead earnest was his mien."

Said he: "There is a hush in Europe—a hush in which you may almost hear a leaf fall to the ground." To him this hush is "ominous."

He asked the scribes to return to their communities "missionaries of Empire, missionaries of the most extensive and the



Vassar's Bowl

The bowl is of silver and enamel, and was given to Vassar college by the Baroness Uru. This bowl had been given to her by the Empress of Japan at an audience, and when she, the Empress, learned that the Baroness was coming to America and would visit her college, Vassar, she granted the Baroness permission to give the bowl to Vassar. At the bottom of the bowl is imprinted the Royal crest, the chrysanthemum. It is of great beauty

most unselfish Empire which is known to history."

Prompt as an echo came the answer from Sir Hugh Graham of Montreal:

"The people of the colonies are anxious for a rightful voice in determining what the strength of the British navy shall be. They regard the British navy as a form of Imperial insurance under a blanket policy, covering everything that you and we possess that is worth possessing."

And the like harmonious rumble is heard across the water. Says the Montreal "Daily Star" editorially on June 12: "There is a new question to the fore; and that is Colonial cooperation with the Mother Country in the defense of the Empire. The day of drawing apart is over; and now the problem is how best to draw nearer together for mutual defense."

Then comes the companion thought: "The movement for a Canadian navy is not anti-American in origin"—so says the Toronto "Daily Star." "It is a result of a desire to pay our own way and to keep control. Our land forces are not maintained as a result of fear of, or hostility to, the United States. We all hope that Canadian and American soldiers may never meet on the battlefield except as comrades."

The Reformers at Work

THE "New Knighthood," their lyrical friends call them. "Muckrakers" and "Parlor Sociologists," their cynical critics call them. More exactly, they were the fifteen hundred social workers, gathered in Buffalo, New York, during the second week in June, in the National Conference of Charities and Correction. They are a part of that army of humanitarians, philanthropists, settlement workers, officers and helpers in charitable institutions, whose far-flung battle line extends from nearby cities to South Sea islands. They draw a little closer each year to the ills and dangers that beset us in city and State and nation of overwork and congestion, child labor, tuberculosis. No medieval crusade had half the vigor of their advance.

With accurate methods of research and observation, with wise selection of reform and remedy, with good-humor, they go on their way against disease and poverty and



The Howard Watch

DOWN on the Big Ditch at Panama is a worse place for a watch than Suez or the Coast of Indo-China: blazing days—severe nightly drop in temperature—humidity 87°—and months of tropical rainfall.

All along the Panama Canal—you find "HOWARD time" the recognized standard—as in all big undertakings for the last sixty-seven years.

The HOWARD Temper-

ature adjustment is permanent. Unaffected by the severest heat or the most violent changes.

The HOWARD is the finest practical watch in the world, and the strongest. Its special hard-tempered balance cannot knock out of true with the jolts and vibrations of rough use in the field.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD Watch, from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at \$35.00; to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid gold case at \$150.00—is fixed at the factory, and a printed price ticket attached.

Drop us a postal, Dept. A, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.



Low Fares to Seattle

\$62 for round-trip between Chicago and Seattle for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition via the

**CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL
RAILWAY**

\$62 also for the round-trip between Chicago and Tacoma, Portland, Victoria or Vancouver.

Tickets on sale May 20 to September 30. Return limit October 31. Stop-overs.

Descriptive folder free.

F. A. MILLER,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago



A SWING OF STEEL SPRINGS

Brings sunshine to happy childhood days. Clean, healthful joy that will recall pleasant memories. A little third seat for baby—also makes a fine foot rest. End seats with spring ladders for adults. Has a gliding motion that ends gradually. No jerks or jolts.

\$9.00 ROOM FOR (2) NINE, entire family. Richly colored canopy. A SWING play-house. Absolutely no noise—easy, springing motion. Don't waste money on wood swing.

First at wholesale. WRITE TO-DAY. Collier's sold a great many last year—half as many year before—where pleased buyers. DON'T take our word that it is so much more attractive, dainty and trim. BUY ONE on money back plan, and if not satisfied we will make good.

(9 Col. St.) D. H. Bausman, Bausman (Lancaster Co.), Pa.

Make a Motor Boat of Any Boat in Five Minutes

You can do it with the Waterman Outboard Motor, which you can quickly attach (and detach) to the stern of any skiff, row boat, dinghy, punt, sail boat, and have a good motor boat. It is not a toy, but a reliable 2 H. P. Marine Motor that will drive an 18-foot row boat 7 miles an hour, 4 hours on gallon gasoline. Simplest motor made. Weight 40 lbs. Equipped with Schebler Carburetor. Four years successful results behind it. Send for Catalog C. Canoe Motors, 1, 2, 3, 4 Cylinders—Catalog K. Standard Type Motors, 1 to 30 H. P.—Catalog A.

WATERMAN MARINE MOTOR CO.
1510 Fort Street, West, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

PATENTS NEW BOOK FREE

This book contains 100 cuts of Mechanical Movements and Tells all about PATENTS. What to Invent for Profit and How to Sell a Patent. O'HARA & HROCK, Pat. Attys., 918 F St., Washington, D. C.



HE'S TASTING

Season ham with salt and sugar and hickory smoke till its luscious ham aroma brings water to the mouth.

Boil it as tender and juicy as filet of beef, with all the good ham taste left in.

Grind it fine and mix it with a keen, piquant dressing of 42 spices.

Can it, without adulteration or preservative, in a white, clean, sunlit New England kitchen, where visitors are welcome.

Can it by vacuum process so it will keep fresh and tasty for twenty years.

This is how we make Underwood Deviled Ham. This is why it smacks of deliciousness on the lips. Get a 15c or 25c can and

TASTE THE TASTE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Handy for picnicking, fishing and all outdoor. Still handier for luncheons, teas, meal emergencies and all indooring. Makes all sorts of new rare morsels. Our free recipe book tells how.

Economical! Small can makes 12 to 24 sandwiches.

We've also a book entitled "Taste The Taste." If you are deep breathing, Fletcherizing, exercising, sleeping out doors, not worrying, not afraid of anything, not hating anybody, not getting mad, always optimistic, it may not interest you.

Sent free to those who are not doing anything mean.

If your grocer doesn't keep Underwood Deviled Ham, send his name and 15c to William Underwood Co., Dept. 71, 52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass., and you will receive by return mail a 15c can of

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM



Branded with the Little Red Devil

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



The Portable Wireless Telephone

Although the development of wireless telephony is still in a primitive state, the United States Government is promoting constant experiments toward perfecting the system. Not only has it been installed for a try-out in the war vessels and forts, but the Government is actively testing the possibilities of a movable instrument. The accompanying illustration shows a portable radio-telephone and telegraph outfit. There is no great difficulty in locating other instruments on vessels or elsewhere with this apparatus, provided the range does not exceed the power of the storage battery

graft. Already in the brief term of their organized existence they have let the light into dark rooms, given work to the unemployed, turned the fight against consumption, diminished child labor. There is less misery in the world because of their sane efforts. They are sincere and effective. In time they will learn how to make their knowledge attractive to a careless, busy public.

Little was heard of the Pittsburg Survey, for instance, that grueling of a modern city, which reached its very vitals, till Ida Tarbell picked up the welter of tragic fact and shaped it into a missile. Their other defect is an overseriousness of demeanor. As yet they take themselves and their work with a seriousness that is sometimes irritating and sometimes amusing. They are fighting for position and recognition, for an established place in an indifferent or hostile community. As with individuals in the act of becoming "self-made," their assertiveness and conceit are often the thin shell that coats over much tribulation and struggle.

Time will deal gently but radically in clearing them of these lesser imperfections, which impede the reception of their "message." When they add humility to efficiency, and infuse a human appeal into the academic data of their investigations, they will make citizens of wide influence. They will be dominant in the coming church. To such as they the future will belong.

It was fitting that this powerful body of workers should elect Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, as president for the coming year. For her it is the adding of one more burden and honor to overwhelming responsibility. Deep in the waters of an infinite fatigue, she sometimes is almost overcome before her work is done. It is to be hoped that with the large new duties she can be saved some of the wear of other work. The people have need of her.

Garden Spots

DOWN in the lowlands of southeast Missouri, where the Little River flows, they are now working on what is said to be the largest drainage project ever undertaken in the United States. During the next four years it is planned to drain and reclaim over one million acres in the seven counties to the south of Cape Girardeau. This alluvial land is said to be extremely fertile, and its nearness to Eastern markets, compared with some of the projects in the Far West about which so much has been said, ought to interest farmers. Also, the work is organized by 1,200 landowners of the district, working without help from State or National Government. It is believed that an average tax of not more than \$8 an acre will cover the cost. There will be 600 miles of dredged ditches, 500 miles of floodways, and 1,200 miles of levees. Needless to say, those interested in the scheme believe that the Little River lowlands will be "as productive as the lands along the Nile"—people always drag in the poor old Nile. Twenty-nine dipper dredges are scooping out mud now and hydraulic dredges are to be used later on. A vast lot of garden truck, not to speak of corn, cotton, wheat, and alfalfa, ought to come up from the Little River country one of these days.



It's the Wonderful Flexible Cement Compound

that makes the Carey Roof so entirely different from other roofs—so much more serviceable and enduring under all conditions. It is a combination of asphalt and other time-proved materials, scientifically prepared and tempered by the Carey special process. With this compound is formed that compact, impervious inner sheet which gives to the whole body of Carey Roofing its lasting flexibility and long life. Extreme heat cannot blister Carey Roofing or make it run—Extreme cold cannot harden it. It never loses its plasticity—Soaking rains, snow or ice do not affect it.

Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing

is absolutely standardized. It never varies in weight, thickness, quality or width. Always uniform, year in and year out.

Twenty years of service has proved it the ideal roof under all conditions in any climate—for flat or steep surfaces.

An interesting booklet, fully describing Carey's Roofing and containing information of importance to buyers of roofing material, is now ready. Write for a copy, also for a sample of THE CAREY ROOF.

THE PHILIP CAREY MANUFACTURING CO.

35 WAYNE AVENUE

(Largest in the world)

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FORTY-SIX BRANCH OFFICES AND DISTRIBUTING POINTS



THE KADY Suspender

does not put a strain on the shoulders or trousers buttons no matter what position the body is in. You can stoop, kneel, recline or lounge without feeling undue pressure anywhere.

The Double Crown Roller

found only on The Kady Suspender is the reason. Ask your dealer to show you The Kady and see how it works. It comes in many beautiful patterns. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

50c and 75c a pair

If your dealer doesn't keep The Kady send us his name and we will tell you where you can get a pair.

THE OHIO SUSPENDER CO.

733 North Park St., Mansfield, O., U. S. A.

A Genuine Panama



Express Prepaid \$4

Fit for a King. Light, cool, dressy, closely woven, adaptable to all shapes, blocked and trimmed, all sizes, with neat silk band and leather sweat band, \$10.00 value, sent prepaid for \$4.00. Save two profits. We import direct through Galveston from South America. Order to-day. State size—Satisfaction guaranteed—Address HOUSTON HAT CO., "Panama Hat Kings," Houston, Texas



MONEY MAKING CONCRETE

The great durability and handsome appearance of concrete products is now recognized world wide. Big Money Making plants being established everywhere. It will pay you to investigate our proposition for a factory in your locality. We furnish machines, molds and everything needed. Write for particulars. THE PETTYJOHN CO., 646 N. Sixth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

To the ORIENT

The short, quick and comfortable route is from Seattle to Yokohama following the warm Japan current. On your trip to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Manila, Hong Kong, or the far east go on the luxurious

S. S. Minnesota

sailing from Seattle, September 18, 1908. Largest ship in Trans-Pacific service. Everything the best. Electric lights, telephones, laundry, suites with sitting room and bath. Hong Kong passengers go via Manila.

Send for folders describing trip. Address any representative Great Northern Ry., Northern Pacific Ry., or

Great Northern Steamship Co.

W. C. THORN Traveling Pass. Agt. 209 Adams St. CHICAGO
A. A. ROSS Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. SEATTLE
NEW YORK OFFICE A. L. CRAIG Gen. Passenger Agt. ST. PAUL
379 or 319 Broadway

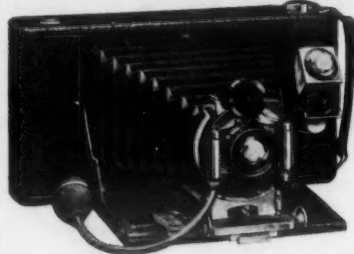


Binder for Collier's \$1.25, Express Prepaid

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price.

ADDRESS COLLIER'S, 416 West 13th Street, New York

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



A NEW
Hawk-Eye
No. 3A
Pictures 3 1/4 x 5 1/2.
The Complete Pocket Camera.

Simple, instantly understood, yet embraces every practical feature demanded by the expert. Rack and pinion for focusing, sliding front, opens horizontally, —the way most pictures are made. Daylight loading, uses Eastman N. C. Film.

No. 3A Hawk-Eye, Model 3, R. R. Lens, Single Valve Shutter, . . . \$20.00
No. 3A Hawk-Eye, Model 4, R. R. Lens, B. & L. or Kodak Auto. Shutter, . . . 25.00

1909 Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

Blair Camera Division,
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



Every Smooth Shave Requires Perfect Stropping

The shave without a scrape— is yours every time with the

Perfection Automatic Razor Strop

But don't class it with any other. There is nothing like it.



"It's all in the Edge"

Every turn of the crank gives six perfect strop-pings to each side of the blade.

This remarkable invention is the only automatic mechanical device which perfectly adapts the barber's knack in the peculiar twist of the wrist as he draws the blade, not flat, but diagonally, across the strop. It gives a perfect, easy shaving edge to your razor blade in a few seconds. With the old style ordinary or any safety razor blade it makes shaving a delight. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for our 10 day Free Trial offer. If safety razor, name make.

Perfection Razor Strop Company
93 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Interesting proposition to dealers or agents.

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade-Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co. receive free notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F St., Washington, D.C.

IRVING'S WIZARD PIPE

Draft and fire below, tobacco above, kept dry and sweet by the rising heat. Severest tests prove principle radically new, absolutely correct. Antiseptic wick absorbs all the moisture. Nicotine proof.



No Spilling of Fire, Ashes or Tobacco
3 Styles: Six or Cvd Stems, Style X, \$1.00;
Style O, \$1.50; Style XX, Sterling Silver
mounted in leather covered case, \$2.00.
French Briar Bowls, Rubber Stems, Milled
with 1 doz. cartridges on receipt of price.
Wizard Patent Developing Co., Inc.
Dept. 4, 121 W. 21st Street, New York
Liberal terms to dealers

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

The "Western Vanderbilt"

(Concluded from page 15)

the blood of some of the spectators, inducing reckless driving to and from the course.

The policing arrangements were perfect. The first regiment of the Illinois militia was effectively distributed about the circuit. The crowds were orderly; in most cases wire fences were enough to hold them back. It would be interesting to know how far a cartoon by John T. McCutcheon, which appeared in the Chicago "Tribune" the day before the race, was responsible for the good behavior of spectators. The drawing represented the Idiot—familiar to those who have attended races in the vicinity of New York—who stands out in the course to see the racers coming. McCutcheon's Idiot was directly in the middle of the road, pointing his finger at an onrushing car and announcing with a maudlin grin: "Here it comes!" The laconic caption for the picture was: "For further particulars see obituary column next Sunday." That cartoon did yeoman duty. No one wished to be the Idiot.

On the second day several cases of sun-stroke developed, to keep the field hospitals from being idle. The grand stand was uncovered, and many of the seat-holders retreated to spots beneath the trees.

"Paper! Paper! All about the horrible wreck!" cried a grand-stand newsboy. A scarlet-visaged gentleman, carrying a Japanese parasol and wearing a handkerchief over his head and another tucked around his neck, glared at the boy, savagely demanding: "Anything personal?"

It has been generally felt that in many of the so-called "stock car races" of the past, specially built cars have taken part. The authorities of the Western Stock Chassis Races made an unprecedented effort to assure the genuineness of all entries. Members of the Technical Committee called at the factories of all entrants to see that at least ten other cars exactly like those entered in the race were either in stock or in course of construction. All parts in the racers were marked, to insure against replacement. The gasoline used in each car was sampled before and after the race to preclude the possible use of ether or other agents which increase explosive force. It is safe to say that no stock car race has ever been conducted more strictly or more legitimately.

The Indiana farmer was not slow in learning to profit by the arrival of the hungry hordes. Like his Long Island prototype, he reaped a golden harvest. Cots in the houses adjacent to the course went at prices which would cause New York hotel-keepers to gasp, and semi-barbarous meals were served at rates which made one wonder if Raisuli had not moved to Indiana.

After the finish of the Cobe Cup contest, a solid stream of cars moved toward Chicago through the night. It was not like the return from the Vanderbilt course, because the roads were narrower and the cars were forced to run single file through clouds of Indiana dust. Indiana dust is worse than other kinds. It is deep and fine as talcum powder. It sifts through goggles and clothing, filling the eyes and lungs and soul, and making one admit to one's secret, sleepy self that automobile races, forty miles from home and bath-tub, aren't so absolutely necessary, after all.

* * *

No Place Like Home

THE Wright Brothers got three medals each—one from the nation, one from the State of Ohio, and one from their own town of Dayton—at the Dayton home-coming celebration on June 18. They also made speeches, and although Orville restricted himself to one sentence, "I wish our work was commensurate with the honors that have been heaped on us," Wilbur almost made a regular speech. He said that they were very glad to get the medals and that they had had plenty of sympathy all along. If \$1,000,000 would bring another Shakespeare or Tennyson, the money would be forthcoming in this country within five minutes, Wilbur thought. If poets and inventors didn't get their dues, it was because the public didn't know their needs, rather than because they were indifferent.

There was a pageant of floats depicting the development of transportation from the Indian runner up to the Wright aeroplane. There was singing and speeches and galloping fire-engines, and between times the brothers Wright ducked into and out of their workshop, packing up preparatory to going to Washington.

The last word in quick and easy tire-changing is the NEW

"Firestone"

DEMOUNTABLE RIM (for all Quick-Detachable and Clincher Tires)

Does away with road tire-repairing and vexatious delays; makes tire-changing a quick and easy operation at any time, anywhere.

AND; this Rim with any quick detachable tire abolishes the nuisance of fitting short-stem stay-bolts, so objectionable a feature of demountable rims for clincher tires only.

ALSO; may be fitted to practically any car, new or old, without changing from present tire and rim equipment.

FURTHERMORE; the Firestone Demountable Rim requires no special tools; has no narrow wedge shapes, no complicated parts, no sharp angles to rust and stick fast. It is so easy to operate you cannot try it the wrong way.

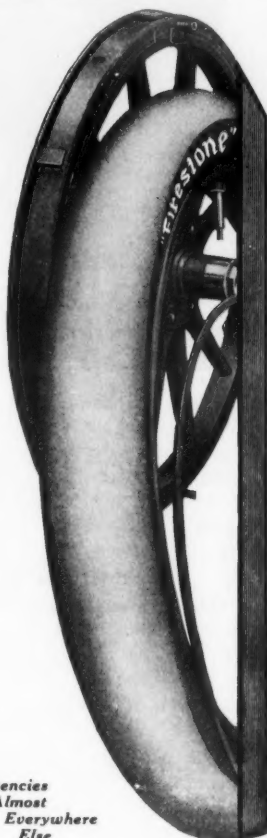
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Punk and Firecrackers

(Concluded from page 11)

second. Your father is almost there. "Slide!" you bawl. He hears you, sits down while going at top speed, and his toes touch the bag a quarter-second before the second baseman thumps the ball against his ribs. A minute later the post-master, who is at bat, knocks out a hit over the center-fielder's head, and home trots your father, reeking with dust, sweat, and glory.

It matters little that he muffs two flies after this, and that the unmarriages win the game by a score of 27 to 8. Your father made a hit and stole second. That is enough to fill your day.

The crowd scatters, and you saunter slowly back through the village. As you pass the house of Mr. Winter, the village druggist, whom do you spy but Minnie Winter herself, sitting under an apple tree. You pause tentatively.

"Hello!" you venture.

"Hello!" This from Minnie with an assumption of indifference that cuts you a little. But you go in among the fruit trees to her side.

"Say," you begin modestly, by way of breaking the ice, "I'll show yer a trick mos' fellers can't do."

And you catch hold of a bough and proceed to "chin" yourself nine times in quick succession.

"Huh! That's easy enough," says Minnie, and she tries it. But she can't pull herself up even once, whereat she looks at you with frank admiration.

"Say, Minnie," you ask "why ain't you at the lemonade party?"

"Oh, I was goin', until—"

"Until what?"

"Oh, nothin'."

And not another word can you get out of her, although she seems rather to like your questioning.

The orchard grows more golden with the approach of sunset. You must go home. The announcement of that fact is your only leave-taking. As you turn to go she stops you.

"Say, do you really want to know why I didn't go to the lemonade party?"

With a fine show of mature nonchalance you make answer: "N-no—I don't care."

"Oh, well, if you don't care, then—" But she goes on. "Well, the reason why I didn't go—the reason why I didn't go was because—I heard you weren't goin' to be there."

And with this she turns and runs into the house, while you stand rapt in a cloud of strange exaltation. What a queer creature, you reflect. To rush away like that! An' she couldn't chin herself even once. Had you been wasting your time?

With supper your day of license ends. That evening you are in the custody of your family. There are to be fireworks on the lawn of Mr. Winthrop, the owner of the shoe-shops. You are ordered into a clean shirt and throttled by a necktie. Then, with father, mother, Aunt Martha, and the "kid," you walk sedately down the street toward Mr. Winthrop's house. Your father moves with a limp which he got when he slid to second. But he seems somewhat comforted when you commend him, with filial judiciousness, for his afternoon's performance.

The street is full of the rigs of farmers, with their wives and children. Except for an occasional cracker there is little noise, for every one has used up his money. As you pass the minister's house, Mr. "Rev." himself invites you all up to watch the fireworks from his piazza. There you find your crony, likewise washed and brushed into somber respectability. As the first rocket hisses upward and blossoms into flame at the zenith, you can not—any more than Sally—suppress that ecstatic "Ah-h-h!" which bursts from your lips. And then come Roman candles and mines and silver fountains and more rockets and pinwheels and Catherine wheels and more rockets. And last of all comes the event of the evening—a great set piece representing the Father of his Country.

Scarcely have the features of the great man hissed and sputtered themselves into oblivion, before there sounds the rumble of thunder overhead. This thunder shower is the invariable concomitant of every Fourth, you know, only your mind doesn't phrase it in just those words. Rev. Senior lends your father an umbrella, and you all hurry home just in time to escape a wetting.

You kiss them all good night, and go up to bed, lamenting the fact that three hundred and sixty-five days must pass before you can have another day like this.

To-night again you dream. This time it is no adventure with a Chinaman, but an entrancing riot of pictures which jumble together most thrillingly all the events of the day.



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your individuality, to the distant point, the party at the other end is projecting his personality, at the same instant and by the same means, to you.

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The universal Bell telephone gives every other utility an added usefulness. It provides the Nation with its Sixth Sense.

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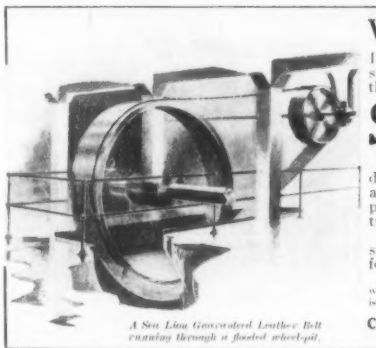
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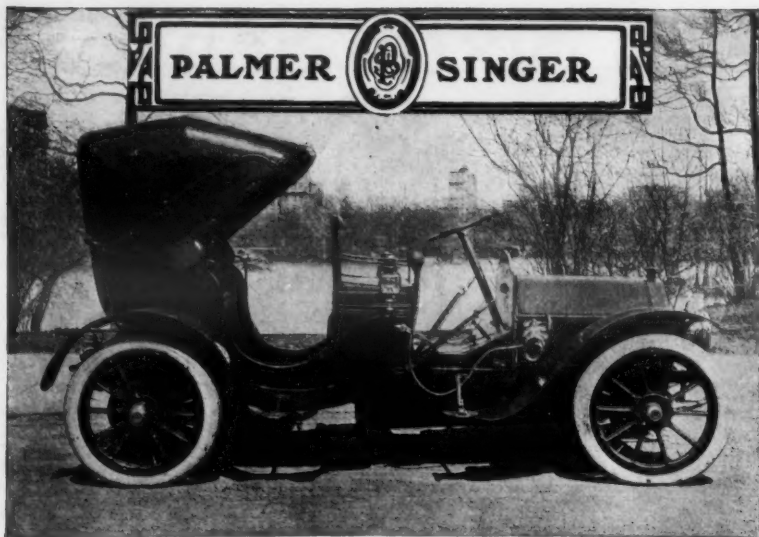
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The Straggler

(Concluded from page 17)

and paladins and those fellows their chances to make things lively." He grinned, shame-faced, at this romantic confession. "I've always longed for hard-ware trousers and a lance and a trusty steed and all the rest of the make-up. Tommy-rot? Yes, of course. But—but when you go down there to those mills, and see—that!" The young laughter faded from his eyes. His grim jaw clinched. "Then you've got your shindy cut out for you! And you want to roll up your sleeves and get busy. You don't care whether you're dressed for the part. You don't care whether you've got an arquebus or a half a brick. You just light in."

Wilmarth did not speak. "I knew you'd call my going in with Baxter a Quixotic scheme. Well, I don't mind hard names. Dare say, I'll make blunders, all right. I'll bag a few wind-mills, as you say. But what's the difference? You bet I'll bag a few mill-owners before I get through. My grandfather helped to free slaves. Dad, if you'd go down there with me, and look with your own eyes, you'd find things harder to see than slavery ever was. Those kids, those babies!" He stiffened, lion-like, from mighty shoulder to heel. He threw up his head with a furious gesture; the blood flamed to his hair. "If you'd seen what I saw, and only yesterday! Those little girls, that ought to be skipping rope and tending dolls, standing there at the looms! With their skinny little legs, and their stupid, fagged eyes with puffy black rings under 'em, and their poor little dirty bodies in rags and strings when a little girl ought to be all starch and impudence and blue ribbon! And then the boys—oh, hell!" He wheeled on his father fiercely, fist outthrust. "If you'd seen them! Maybe then you could see some use in our sensationalism, our blatant muck-raking! Little knock-kneed, bleary-eyed dwarfs, with their pipe-stem legs and their caved-in chests and their silly, blank faces, all the life and soul and spunk ground out of 'em! When their noon-hour came, I asked one of 'em what they played. 'Played?' he said. And he stared. 'We haven't time.' 'Can't you find time for football?' said I. He rubbedbed up at me as if I was talking dippy. 'What is football?' What is football! Good Lord! Think of it, Dad! The poor little wretch, he'd never seen a game. He'd never laid eyes on a ball, even! Think of it!"

Wilmarth was silent. "I dare say that's a clumsy explanation enough." His tense voice dropped suddenly to its slow, even tones. He reddened again, sheepishly amused at his own vehemence. "But—but that's why. You see now, Dad. That's why I've gone in with Baxter's. That's why I shall stay with Baxter's. And—that's all."

WILMARTH sat back in his deep chair. He looked quite shrunken and old.

"Then nothing can change your decision?"

"I think not." The boy glanced again toward the starlit window. "I've threshed it all out. It's me for the Child Labor crowd. That's all."

Wilmarth groped for words. "Tom! You must reconsider. You don't know what you're throwing away. You don't realize that you're refusing what other men would give their souls for! You—" Then frantic terror smote him. His voice rose in a scream. "Tom, you don't realize what this means for me! I've wanted you, I've counted on you. To have you bolt me now—and for this damn agitator mob!"

He was pleading for himself now, wildly imploring.

"You're not going to refuse! You're not going to leave me! Tom, this is madness! Tom!"

Then his frantic voice sank, mumbling. Dully he looked on this, his son. Child of his body, bone of his bone, core of his soul. And yet alien as if they two stood on distant spheres.

He did see, and clearly, now. The truth was beating down on his brain in pitiless white flashes. His mouth twitched in a faint grin.

When you stopped to think, it was not surprising. He had had his own chance, and he had thrown it away. He had sneaked out of the fight. Yes, he had thrown away his chance. There would be no more chances for him. That was all.

The boy was looking at him now. His glance was an arraignment. Yet his eyes held no contempt for the elder man's cowardly share in the battle, no disgust at his skulker's treachery. Instead, he considered his father with that emotionless, indifferent calm with which he would consider any other failure; say, a bodily cripple, or a man unfairly equipped mentally. Already, to his eyes, his father belonged to the past. Very likely he had meant well enough. But he had failed. Now he was down and out. Therefore the boy judged him not angrily, but from his cool, passionless distance: from the viewpoint of his own splendid, victorious young generation.

And as Wilmarth looked back at his boy, his eyes took on the stare of one who listens. For he seemed to hear a slow, nearing thunder: the thunder of that vast approaching host, that royal young army, as it marched on, to seize, to conquer, to destroy all that was old, unclean, ill-built; to tear down the tottering walls, set on unworthy foundations; to replace them by a sounder, cleaner, loftier state.

Yes, he had had his chance. And he was the one who had squandered and thrown away. He need not whine. He was down and out. Vaguely he realized now that, through all these years, he had looked forward to his boy's companionship. He would have Tom in his offices; he would turn things by degrees into his hands. They would be partners, comrades.

THE terrible primeval hunger for a man-child, a son to carry his name when he and his world were dust, snatched at his heart. Well, his name would not perish. But what of that? This, his son, was the child of his body, never the child of his soul. For Tom would carry the Wilmarth name, not as Thomas Wilmarth's son, but as the son of that other Thomas Wilmarth, that divine, careless prince of self-forgetting, who had counted his world well lost for the sake of his dream: who, losing his life freely, a sacrifice to his fanatic hope, had found it again in the undying reverence of his nation. He saw himself the ignoble link between these two glorious lives.

"Tom, you must come into the firm. I can't give it up. If you knew what it means to me, how I've hoped, and planned—"

The boy stood motionless. He looked past his father with level, unmoving eyes. He hardly heard; his trained brain had already swung back to its crowding problems; those children, those forlorn little heart-breaking Questions, the wee girls, with their starved little ugly bodies, their wizened patient faces; the tiny boy who had never seen a football. His calm face, turned to his father, was inexpressibly cruel. It held all the blind, merciless cruelty of youth, which has untold pity for the victim, but can never pity the victim's torturer, his own most piteous victim.

He waited, courteously, till Wilmarth's passion of terror and anger and desperation had beaten itself out. Then he spoke, deferentially.

"I'm tremendously sorry that you're so annoyed, sir. I quite realize that I'm wasting a great opportunity. But we fellows will pull together; and even if we are inexperienced, I dare say we'll flounder along. Anyway—" He halted. His eyes turned again to the deep window. In that high moon radiance the grand white shape stood like a statue of light beyond its silver tree-barrier. Aloft in its eternal calm it seemed to wait, to hearken. . . .

"Anyway," the boy's eyes flamed slowly. His voice took on a deep reverberation. "Anyway, it's the only road for me. I'd fall down, hard, if I tried any other. I'm sorry, Dad. Good night."

He strode away, with his heavy, measured step, and closed the door behind him. The father heard his slow, decisive tread ascending the stairs.

Wilmarth leaned back and stared vaguely into the dim mirror above the mantel. The gray man who watched him sat there, alike impassive. At his feet the dying fire dropped away to ashes. It was as if he sat before the ashes of his days. And with that ghost, that dying fire, he sat alone.

Yet the room seemed full of pulsing life, thrilled with mysterious vibration. For it was shaken as by the feet of a passing regiment. The terrible jarring tread of that hurrying army of youth, away on its high far road, leaving its dead, its deserters, its stragglers, behind.

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FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of factory prices and remarkable special offers to rider agents.

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